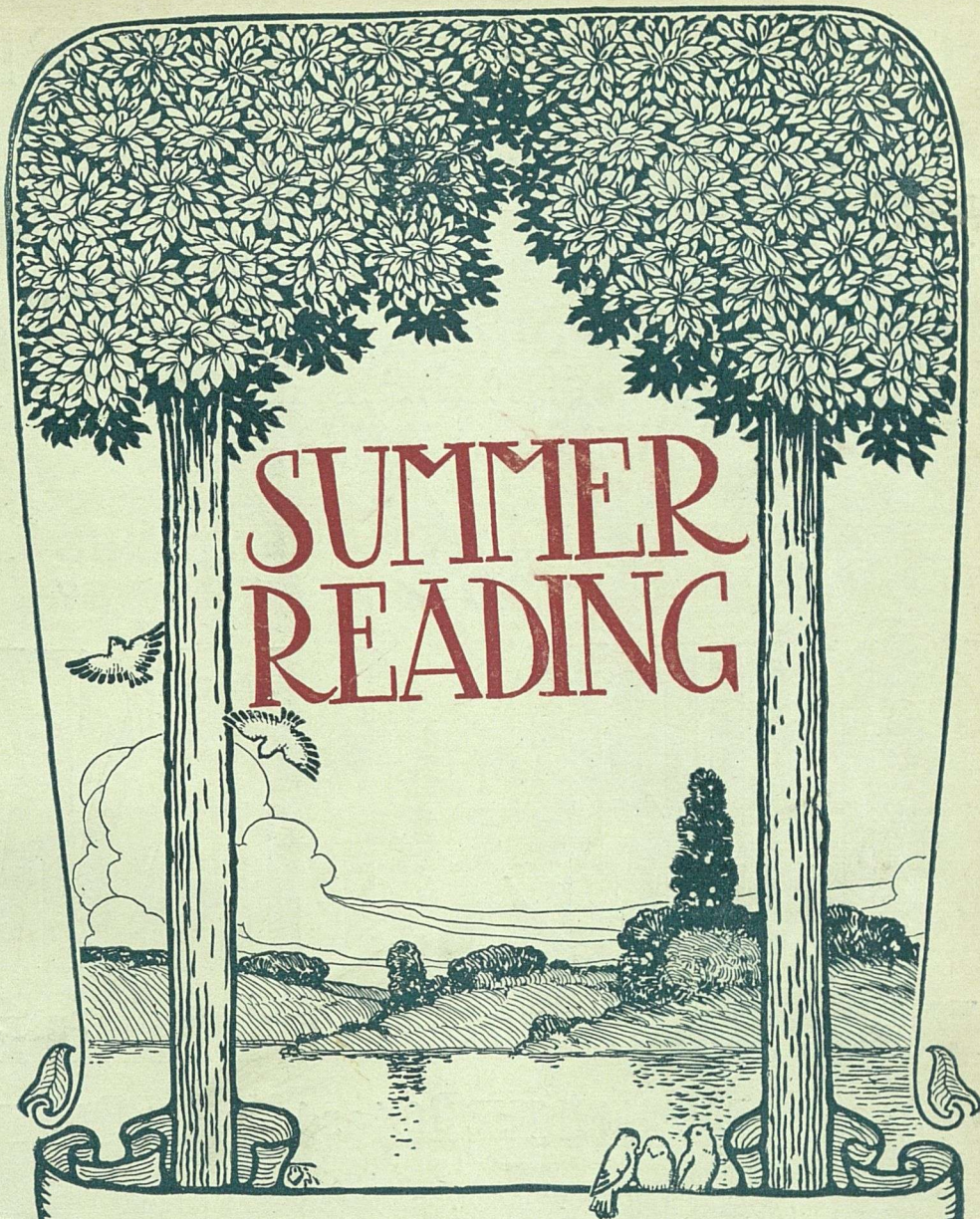


THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY: SUMMER NUMBER



BEING THE SUMMER NUMBER
OF
THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY
MAY 30, 1908
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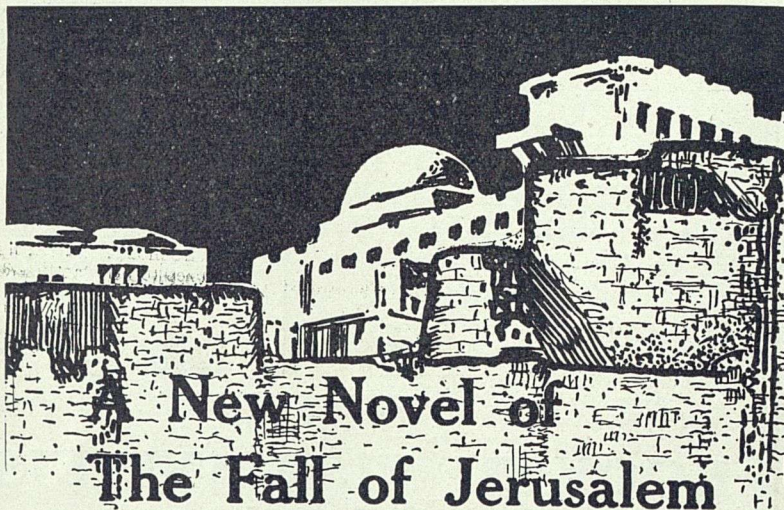
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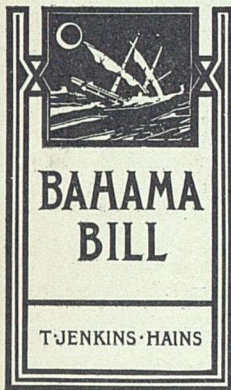
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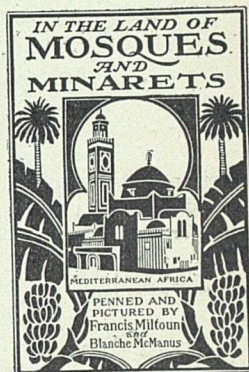
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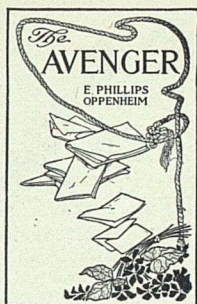
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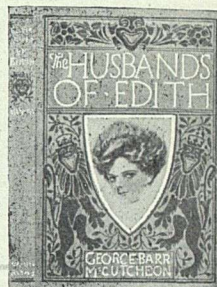
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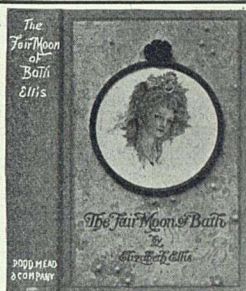
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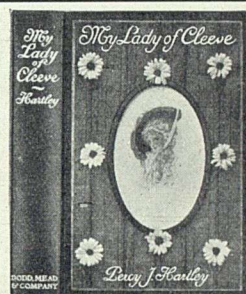


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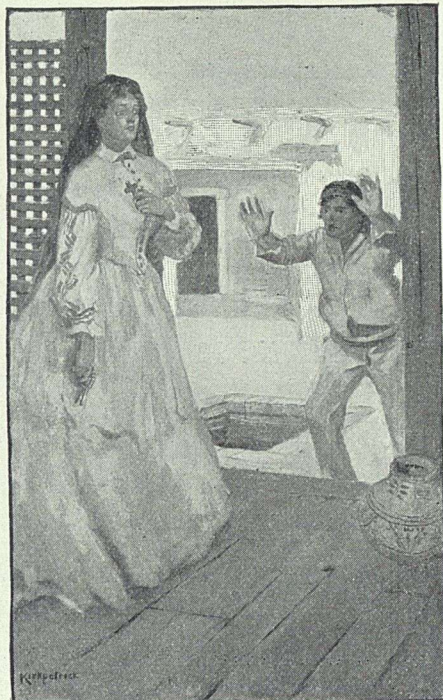


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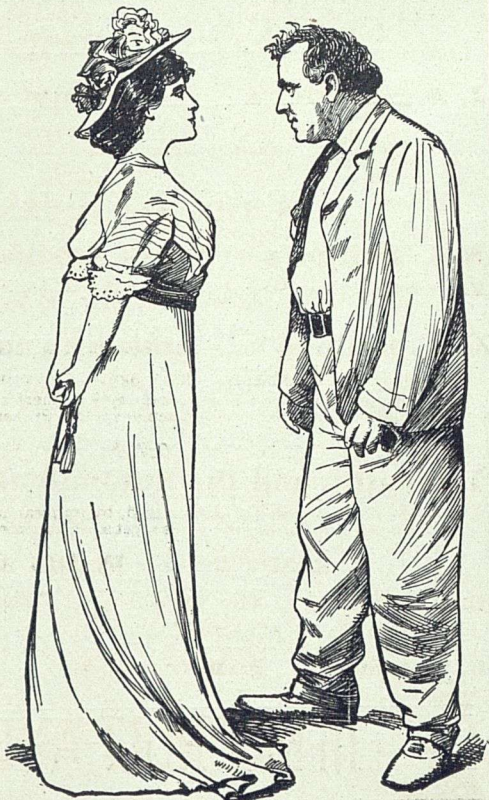
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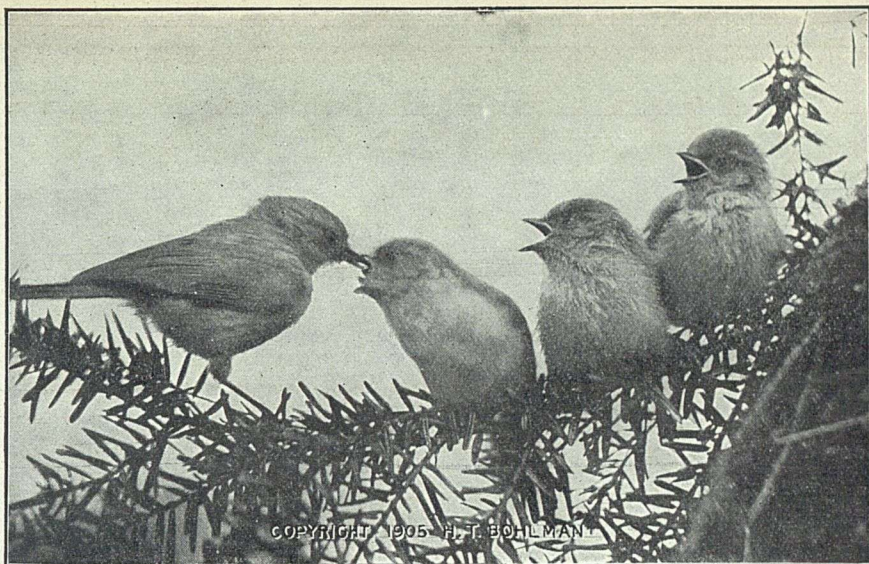
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YOUNG BUSH-TITS AWAITING THEIR TURNS—RATHER IMPATIENTLY.

NATURE BOOKS.

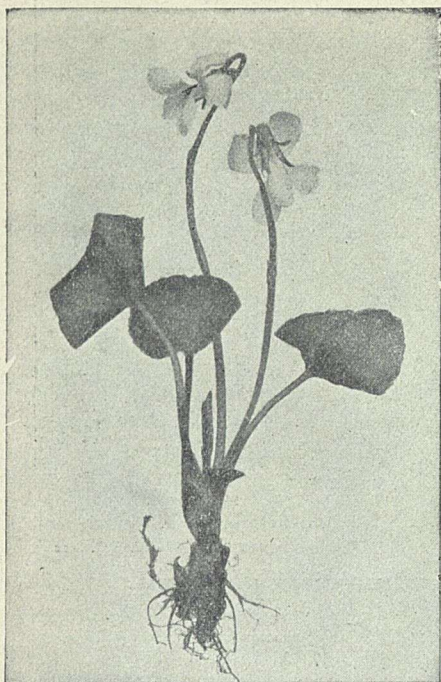
UNDER the elastic heading of Nature Books we gather the numerous new studies of the birds and trees, the insects and animals, the books on the making of gardens and the cultivation of flowers, that more and more each year indicate the coming of Summer. A place is also found here for books on all sorts of outdoor sports and games, on camping, fishing, novel ways of travelling by motor or on foot, on the building of a country home, and the scientific pursuit of agriculture—all these various activities leading the ardent seeker after health and happiness to the shrine of Nature.

It is not many decades since Nature was an unworked mine in literature, John Burroughs being one of the few who literally lived the simple life, in the very heart of Nature, learning all its secrets and loving it dearly in return. To-day it is difficult to count its votaries, or the writers who make it a life's study. All we can attempt to do is to indicate the seasonable or current books on the subject.

The additions to the literature of the trees have been most important. Never before have they been so systematically and scientifically written about. A very beautiful and elaborate work is Rotheyn Beck Hough's "Handbook of the Trees of the Northern States and Canada East of the Rocky Mountains." One learns with this and similar treatises as much, or more even, through the

illustrations, which are photographs from life, than from the text, authoritative as it is—because the eye is a strong factor in acquiring and retaining a knowledge of forms. Pictures have been made of the leaves and fruits, the leafless twigs of winter, the typical barks and other details, making the work an unusually valuable one for reference. In the *American Nature Series*, Britton's "North American Trees" is a recent issue, also rich in interesting information and generously illustrated from life. In line with the above is "Our Trees, How to Know Them," illustrated through the kodak by Arthur I. Emerson, the text being the reliable work of Clarence M. Weed, nature-teacher in the Massachusetts State Normal School. It affords an opportunity, in a popular style, for the unscientific reader to make the acquaintance of American trees, native and naturalized. "Seaside Planting of Trees and Shrubs" comes from English sources, and is a number of the *Country Life Series*. Alfred Gaut, its author deals helpfully with the difficult problems of planting up exposed situations as effective barriers against strong winds.

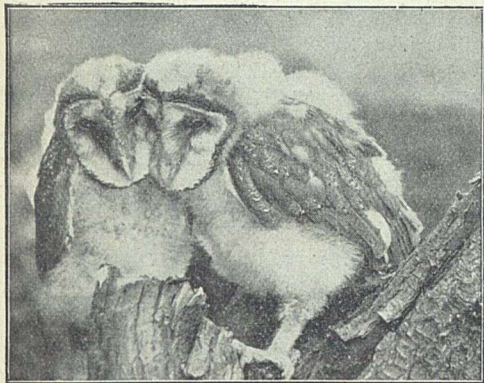
Few writers have made a more thorough and sympathetic study of "The Bird Our Brother" than Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. Under this title she makes an important contribution to the interesting discussion of animal intelligence, based upon her own in-



From "Wild Flower Families" Copyright, 1908, by
J. B. Lippincott Company.

BLUE VIOLET.

timate knowledge of the ways and manners of birds and invested with the charm of her own delightful style. William Lovell Finley, the president of the Oregon Audubon Society, is represented by a volume on "American Birds," studied and photographed from life. The work stands for many months spent, season after season in the open, and testifies to the patience and perseverance of the author. Stories of the bird year, adapted for both home and school and written from the humanitarian standpoint, are embraced in

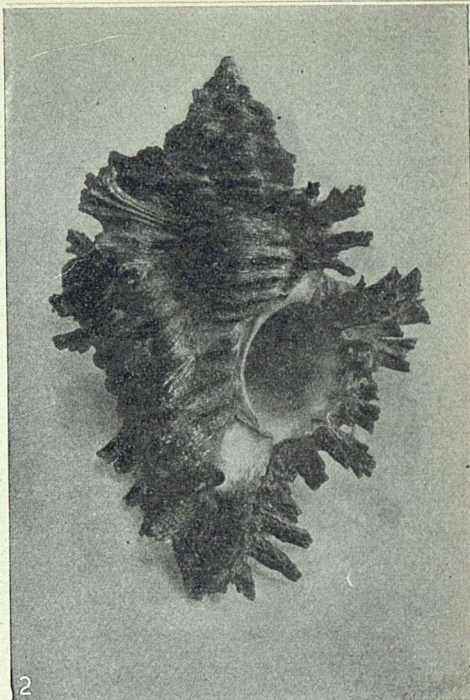


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A STUDY IN SENTIMENT.

"Gray Lady and the Birds," by Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright. Old or young will recognize the fascinating way in which the rights of the pretty songster are pleaded. To be mentioned here also is George F. Burba's "Our Bird Friends." The study of bird life with the aid of the kodak—"The Sport of Bird Study," by Herbert K. Job—is a refreshingly attractive out-door book. Since "God the first garden made" we have strayed widely from the original simple plan, as the great variety of artificial and artistic gardens described by the books testifies. "The Art of Landscape Gardening," by Humphry Repton, the English founder of landscape gardening in the eighteenth century, gives a valuable record of his experience. "The Book of Rock and Water Gardens," by Charles Thonger, is one of the *Handbooks of practical gardening*. Other handsome and practical books in this line are Reginald Farrer's "My Rock Garden" and Peter Bisset's "The Book of Water Gardening." Weathers' "Practical Guide to School, Cottage and Allotment Gardening" throws light upon a new educational feature that has aroused widespread interest. Other monographs whose titles explain their purpose are "The Book of the Chrysanthemum," by Percy S. Follwell; "Gardening in Town and Suburb," by Harry H. Thomas; "The Garden Book of California," by Belle Sumner Angier; "Daffodils—Narcissus" and how to grow them as hardy plants and for cut plants, by A. M. Kirby; "Roses, Their History, Development and Cultivation," by Rev. Jos. H. Pemberton; Donald McDonald's "Fragrant Flowers and Leaves;" "Mosses and Lichens," by Nina L. Marshall; "Wild Flower Families," by Clarence M. Weed, a discussion of the more widely distributed herbaceous wild flowers, and "Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains," by Stewardson Brown. "Familiar Swiss Flowers," by F. E. Hulme, is an exquisitely colored collection of 100 plates of lovely Swiss flowers, with descriptions. Alice Lounsberry, who has written many outdoor books for the small reader, prepared this season "Garden Book for Young People," which tells in a delightfully simple style how a boy and girl laid out a garden, giving, along with some queer experiences, information of a varied kind connected with putting into the ground plants and bulbs. "The Small Country Place" is intended for the suburbanite or commuter, who has but a few hours daily to spend about the house. The author, Samuel T. Maynard, discusses the

growing of farm or garden crops, the care of the horse, the cow, poultry, bees and similar subjects. "Yard and Garden," by Tarkington Baker, and "Window Gardening," by Herman B. Dorner, are simple manuals rich in practical advice about flowers and soils and so on, and the best use that can be made of circumscribed spaces. "Gardening for Women," by Frances G. Wolseley, opens a new field for women's activities; "Cassell's A B C of Gardening," by W. P. Wright, should be on the shelf of every owner or prospective owner of a garden. "A Garden Diary and Country Home Guide," by Loring Underwood, is a blank book of a very useful kind for the record of the observations of four successive years of planting, which may be compared during each season with resulting profit. The man of moderate means who is thinking of "Building a Home" is referred to a book with that title from two experienced architects, H. W. Desmond and H. W. Frohne, who offer plans that the owners of most limited incomes may take advantage of. Le Moyne's "Country Residences in Europe and America" traces the evolution of the country house from the earliest times, in a sumptuously illustrated and gotten up volume. Miss Rogers' "The Shell Book" is a popularly written work on sea shells generally found on our sea coast. It fills a long-felt want, and is authoritative but with few technical terms.



From "The Shell Book."

Doubleday, Page & Co.

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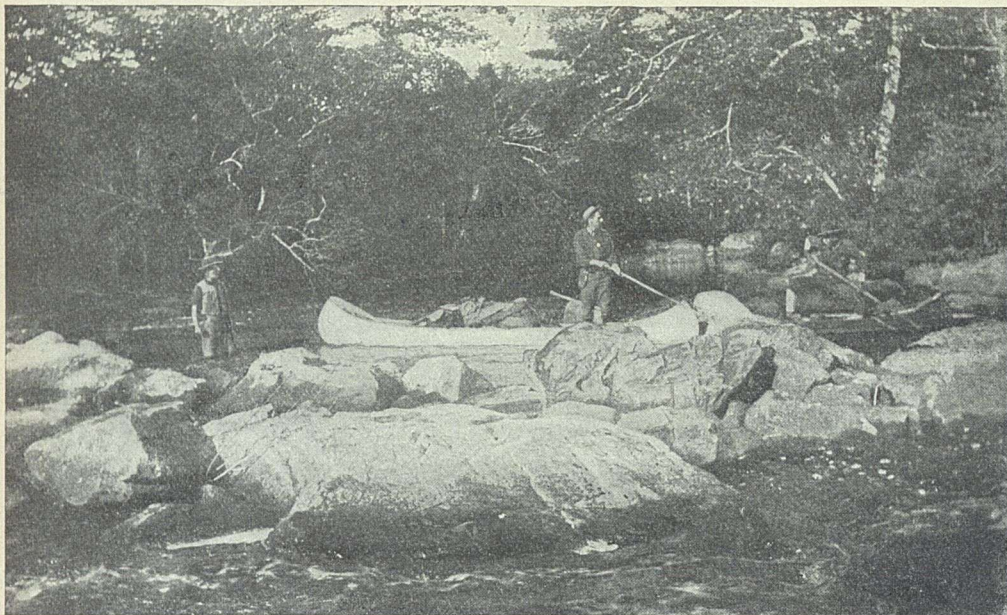
The art of rock-climbing is set forth with fascinating detail in George D. Abraham's "The Complete Mountaineer," and includes



From Jordan and Holder's "Fish Stories"

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BRINGING THE BIG RAINBOW TO NET IN LAKE KLAMATH.



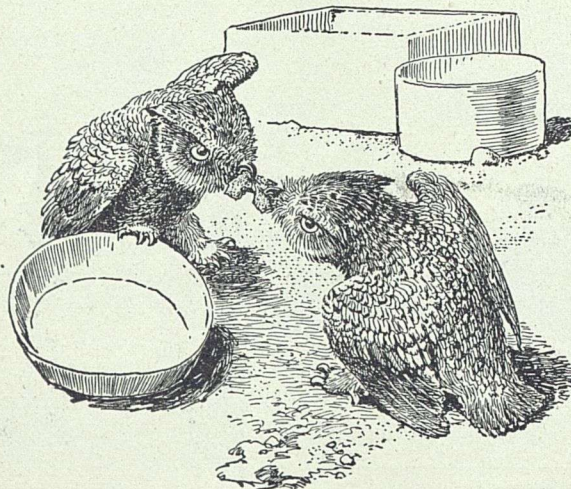
From "The Way of the Woods."

Copyright, 1908, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

POLING UP THE RAPIDS.

a history of mountain climbing at home and abroad. "The Way of the Woods," by Dr. Edward Breck, is a manual for sportsmen in northeastern United States and Canada, embracing authoritative information on outfitting, fishing, shooting, canoeing, tenting, trapping, etc. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, includes under a popularly written work named "Fishes" all the non-technical material from the author's larger work in two volumes, "A Guide to the Study of Fishes." Disciples of Isaak Walton are recommended three attractive volumes of fishing yarns intermingled

with much sound information, as "Favorite Fish and Fishing," by Dr. Ja. Alex. Henshall, "Big Game at Sea," by C. F. Holder, and Jordan and Holder's "Fish Stories (alleged and experienced)." John Burroughs' "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt" is a delightfully sympathetic narrative of a journey through the Yellowstone Park. C. G. D. Roberts, the author of "The Haunters of the Silences" and other nature books, adds a new work to his studies of animal life—"The House in the Water," which has for its hero that intelligent and tireless little worker, the beaver.



From "My Pets."

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From "The Husbands of Edith."

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"I DO LOVE YOU," SHE SAID SIMPLY."

THE SUMMER NOVELS.

NEVER has there been a time in literary history when novels and novelists were so plentiful as at present. The golden age of fiction has surely arrived, and the opportunity of the young and unknown novelist. First novels are in the majority in the season's output, the names of famous or experienced writers appearing on very few title-pages. No great successes so far in 1908 have startled readers, as in the days of Dickens and Thackeray, Jane Austen or the Brontës. The supply of rapid-moving, up-to-date stories, however, possessing a certain readableness, barely meets the demand. It is certainly a fact, and a notable one, that in the long procession that has marched upon us since the first of the year we cannot recall one novel that is really worthless. And if it is the golden age of the novelist, it is the bronze age of the heroine. Such unanimity in the selection of a type was never seen before. It is the day of the red-haired girl. Novel after novel sings of her charm, and is prodigally lavish in words describing her Valkyre-like beauty.

The first months of the year were marked by the publication of an astonishingly great number of detective stories, startling narra-

tives of mysterious crimes, and fictitious histories of imaginary kingdoms having no existence on any map of the world. As this group is largely in demand by the average reader, we mention some of the most fascinating. "The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia," by James Locke, tells a thrilling detective tale of a Bulgarian conspiracy; "The Clutch of Circumstance," by James Barnes, shows how overwhelming circumstantial evidence is in often condemning a perfectly innocent man; a mysterious crime implicating a prominent man is the subject of "The Magistrate's Own Case," by Baron Rosenkrantz, and also of Doubleday's "The Hemlock Avenue Mystery," both ending with very simple explanations, clearing the two innocently suspected men; Marchmont's "The Man Who was Dead" carries the reader to Vienna, where an Englishman comes on a secret political mission and becomes involved in a perfect network of thrilling experiences; "The Vermilion Pencil," by General Homer Lea, is a tragical romance of China; the ingenious theft of a valuable ring sets in motion a detective story, having its scene in San Francisco, under the title of "The Coast of Chance," by Esther and Lucia Chamber-



From "The Lure of The Mask."

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LA SIGNORINA.

lain; "In the Dead of Night" foreshadows thrilling incidents under exceptional circumstances; John T. McIntyre, the author of the story, cleverly leads his hero from adventure to adventure with unflinching interest; one needs not be told that "The Avenger," by E. P. Oppenheim, is a model thriller. The high class criminal has invaded fiction. So clever and intelligent are his schemes for relieving his neighbor of his goods that he almost excites admiration. One of the most notable novels in this line is "The Finances of Sir John Kynnersley," by an English author, Arthur C. Fox-Davies; Arthur Stringer's "The Under Groove" is devoted to the nefarious processes by which a cultured blackleg lives in luxury; "The Master Criminal," by G. Sidney Paternoster, also an intellectual scoundrel, tries through a plausible philosophy to make himself believe he is not a common thief. Those who have not yet absorbed "The Black Bag," with its provoking mystery, have a great pleasure in store. It comes from Louis Joseph Vance, who wrote "The Brass Bowl." The true chronicle of a double mystery relating to a double

murder is the subject of "The Silver Blade," by Charles E. Walk. Fergus W. Hume added to his long list of detective stories "The Sacred Herb" and "The Sealed Message." "The Isle of Maids," by M. T. Hainsselin, is a clever romance of an uninhabited island in the Mediterranean. "Into the Primitive," by Rob. Ames Bennet, starts with a shipwreck on the uninhabited African coast, followed by a Crusoe-like experience of the woman and two men who are saved.

Within the first two weeks of several recent years, Ellen Glasgow has led off with one of her carefully prepared novels. "The Ancient Law" belongs to the present year, and deals with the after life in the Virginia tobacco fields of a man of education who had served a five-year term in prison for stealing trust funds. Frank Danby (the pseudonym for Mrs. Julia Frankau) in "The Heart of a Child" charmingly traces the career of a little slum girl, who becomes Lady Kidderminster, passing unscathed through the temptations of a music hall career.

"Somehow Good" attracted as much attention as the other notable novels of W. F. De Morgan. Marion Crawford presented a sequel to "Fair Margaret" in "The Prima-donna," which takes one behind the scenes of a famous singer's life. With "Mr. Crewe's Career" Winston Churchill depicts corrupt political conditions in a New England town. A charmingly witty style characterizes "The Bond," by Neith Boyce, an analysis of a marriage between two artists who are true bohemians. "Rose MacLeod," by Alice Brown, is also rich in wit and pictures of real people. It has its scene in New England. "A Modern Prometheus," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson, has as a central motive an international marriage between an American woman and an Italian. "The Reaping," by Mary Imlay Taylor, treats of marriage and divorce, with scenes from the political and fashionable life of Washington. "Captain Desmond, V.C.," by Maud Diver, plays on India's northwestern frontier in the early '80's, in a military station. Fogazzaro's "The Politician," from the *Italian*, is a chapter from the Italian politics of twenty-five years ago;

and "The Weight of the Name" (*L'Emigré*), translated from the *French* of Paul Bourget, illustrates the working of the new French separation law of church and state and the crushing weight in these modern days of an old aristocratic name. René Bazin's "The Nun" (*L'Isolée*), also from the *French*, is another novel based on the workings of the separation law.

"The Tenants," an episode of the '80's of the middle west, and "Exton Manor," by Archibald Marshall, a typical English society novel, full of clever character sketches.

Specially marked with a refined humor and a most cheerful atmosphere are the following novels: "The Duchess of Dreams," by Edith Macvane; "My Lost Duchess," by J. L. Williams; "The Husbands of Edith," by the



From "Rose MacLeod."

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ROSE MACLEOD.

There is a certain fascination about the quiet home story, dealing with unsensational events and telling "the old, old story" in the old-fashioned way, that never fails to influence even experienced readers. Among these recently brought out are two English stories by Mrs. Henry De la Pasture, "The Unlucky Family" and "The Grey Knight;" "Marcia Schuyler," by Mrs. Grace Hill-Lutz, a pretty love story of a hundred years ago in Pennsylvania; Howells' "Fennel and Rue,"

author of "Graustark"—George Barr McCutcheon; "Proposals to Kathleen," by Mrs. Clifford, the author of "The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman;" "The Sentimental Adventures of Jimmy Bulstrode," by Marie Van Vorst, offers a delightfully, lovable, original character in its hero; "Some Ladies in Haste" is an amusing skit by Robert W. Chambers on mental suggestion and the "absent treatment" "The Dissolving Circle," by W. Otis Lillibridge, refers to the men and women

living at Sioux Falls, S. D., for the purpose of securing divorces; "Mothers in Israel" is a humorous picture of an English rural community much given to scandal and gossip.

Upton Sinclair's scathing picture of the New York millionaire in "The Metropolis" found many readers and aroused discussion. May Sinclair's "The Judgment of Eve" gives the woman's side of the "race suicide" question. "The Mother of the Man," another of Eden Phillpott's Dartmoor's stories, is said to be the best he has written. "The Barrier," by R. E. Beach, the author of "The Spoilers," is again a story of an Alaskan mining town. "The Belle Islers" is a humorous account of life in a country town, as experienced by the family of a minister of simple hearted honesty. The author's name as given—R. Brinsley Newman—is said to be a pseudonym. Elizabeth Robins' "Come and Find Me" has its scene in California and Alaska.

A new writer makes her appearance as the author of "Bridget"—Mrs. Herman Fosch. The title is not promising, but real fun and real life as seen in New York servanthood may be found within the novel's covers. A modern Lord Dundreary is pictured in "Young Lord Stranleigh," an amusing character, apparently stupid, but really exceptionally clever—the latest work of Robert Barr. "The Half-Smart Set," sent out anonymously, describes the London rich and vulgar

most accurately. "The Master Influence," by Thomas McKean, is said to reflect in its hero the numerous admirable qualities of the Governor of New York. Love and adventure *galore* characterize the novels of "Retz," by Van Zo Post, the story of a young German nobleman at the court of Charles the Bold; "The Adventures of Charles Edward," by H. G. Rhodes, which follows an impudent, whimsical young American among the London "upper ten;" and "Princess Nadine," by Mrs. Tiernan ("Christian Reid"), a charmingly vital character who is half American, half Russian, and is the heroine of a dramatic love affair in Russia.

The race problem, threateningly confronting us, is earnestly set before the reader, in an intense story of miscegenation, entitled "The Call of the South," by Robert Lee Durham, a Southern lawyer. "The City of Delight," a love drama of the siege and fall of Jerusalem, by Elizabeth Jane Miller, is unusually rich in color and picturesque incidents. "Dr. Ellen," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, is the life experience of a woman physician who goes to the Sierras, with a sick sister, finds herself the centre of many annoying complications. It is difficult to state definitely whether "Old Wives for New," by D. Graham Phillips, is a satire or is to be taken seriously. As a sermon to slatternly wives it is a "good find," at any rate. Pure fun is offered in Jacques Futrelle's "The Simple Case of Susan."



From "The Heerful Smugglers."

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"MRS. FENELBY HANDED KITTY'S BAGGAGE-CHECKS TO TOM."



From "The Adventures of Charles Edward"

Copyright, 1908, by Little, Brown & Co.

"YOU COULDN'T PUBLISH THE FOUR AT ONCE, I SUPPOSE?"

A PROOF OF VERSATILITY.

From Rhodes' "Adventures of Charles Edward."
(Little, Brown & Co.)

YOUNG OLIVER, the experienced publisher, whose impression of Lady Angela was growing momentarily more and more favorable, was only too glad to talk at her command on any subject she chose. There ensued consequently a literary conversation of considerable length and of no great merit. It is only notable because it produced, indirectly, such extraordinary results. The merest summary of it must serve to indicate to the reader what carried them from an excellent *mousse de jambon* which followed the fish, on to coffee and liqueurs.

Lady Angela expressed the hope that it was no longer possible for genius to die unpublished and unappreciated. Young Oliver somewhat epigrammatically pointed out the distinction between publication and appreciation. A book, he thought, would always be accepted by some house, if you sent it around enough. But many clever young writers got little money for novels, and so little fame that in many cases they would probably be willing to give up the latter altogether for a decent pecuniary return. Lady Angela felt this to be very hard, since fame was surely what—in the

beginning, at least—every writer worth the name was working for. Charles Edward objected that it was probably because the books weren't really good that they did not succeed. That, thought Oliver, was scarcely a fair statement of the case. The books were good, many of them; but there were nowadays so many books, and so many good books, that some of them never attracted attention. He was not prepared to say that a work of transcendent genius would not force its way irresistibly. Most of the great successes, however, fell short of such a definition, and their vogue seemed largely the result of accident. The difficulty of the new author was to find some way of making, a sharp, definite impression at the very outset, to convince the public at once of his originality, his depth of thought, his wit, the excellence of his style, his versatility.

"Versatility?" interrupted Charles Edward. "Would that do?"

"I suppose it would," replied Oliver. "But don't you see, you can't prove with your first novel that you are versatile. You have to wait until the third or fourth."

"You couldn't publish the four at once, I suppose?" said Lady Angela.

"It's never been done." Lee Oliver, the experienced young publisher, laughed.



From "Dr. Ellen." Copyright, 1907 by The Baker & Taylor Co.

RUTH.

"That's curious," commented his host, with an air which made Lady Angela, who knew his moods, look at him quickly. Never before had Charles Edward's mind been applied to the problems of the publishing trade, but there was already a gleam in his eye. It was soon apparent, however, that if anything were on foot it was not to be confided to Mr. Lee Oliver. So Lady Angela gracefully but swiftly brought the dinner to its natural close, and the Austin automobile brougham was soon bearing its owners swiftly down Fifth Avenue.

"Well, what is it?" Lady Angela plunged at once *in medias res*.

"Angela, wife of my bosom, I have an idea," was the answer elicited.

"I knew it, Charles Edward. Tell me more."

WE SEE THE OUTWARD, WAYWARD WAY.

From Tompkins' "Dr. Ellen." (Baker & Taylor Co.)

AMSDEN, his head thrown back, was so merged in the greatness of the earth that his individual life was a forgotten triviality. His spirit seemed to rise and hover above an oblivious body, the city and the quest of success were as remote as his childhood. He had not taken a vacation for three years, and had almost reached the dangerous point of not desiring one: the revulsion from city limitations left him buoyant, as though he had just escaped some bodily danger. The night was like a purifying river rushing

through him. So deep was his absorption that he did not notice the stopping of the stage, and felt a shock of disappointment, childish in its intensity, as he realized that some one had mounted to the seat beside him. He moved over, not taking his eyes from the miracle overhead; but the enchantment was broken, and he was, after all, only a tired traveller on top of a stage-coach. He straightened up with a stretch and a sigh, and looked at his companion, a man of lean middle-age, with grey hair floating above his coat collar, humorously plain, but with something likeable in his eccentric features, palely freckled, and in the grave friendliness of the little nondescript eyes. Amsden felt a primitive desire to have this man like him.

"Nice night, isn't it?" he said, as their glance met. The man considered a moment.

"Well, yes, sir, I reckon it's a nice night down here on top of a comfortable stage-coach, with nothing to make trouble," he said, a faint southern cadence giving his voice an unexpected warmth. "Up there where I've been," he dipped his head towards the slope they were leaving, "it ain't so nice. I've been burying a child—little girl of five. Her folks waited thirteen years for her, and they won't get another. Pretty rough!" He passed his hand heavily over his forehead and eyes, then turned to Amsden with subdued intensity. "I'm a preacher, after a fashion, but I don't know any comfort that takes hold in an hour like this. Do you?"

"No," said Amsden, with a startled sense that life up here might be as near and naked as the great blazing stars that seemed to hang close above their heads.

"Pretty soon they'll see that it was the Lord's will, and not anyone's fault," the man went on, staring absently before him. "But just now—" he broke off with a quick sigh. "Life in the mountains is all like that, somehow. Trouble never gets very far off. Why don't more people come and try to help?"

The thought of Ruth Chantry, whose girlhood was being sacrificed to her sister's (Dr. Ellen's) missionary impulse, checked Amsden's rising sympathy.

"Most people have obligations somewhere else," he said slowly. "The first debt is to the happiness of our own people. One has no right to sacrifice a mother or a sister—not to a thousand mountaineers."

The man turned to him eagerly. "Not if the mother or the sister is worth more to the world—that's right, sir. You've got to get off and look at these things from a distance. Where's the biggest value? You decide that the best way you can, and then go ahead. Your mother might be worth more to humanity than all the women in the Sierras put together: then you stick by her life and minister to it as long as you live. That's your job."

"But suppose the value were not to humanity, but to her and to me and to one or two others," Amsden was beginning in vigorous protest when a shout and a waving hat from the road brought the stage to a creaking halt.

GLEAM O' DAWN APPEARS TO NINA.*From Goodrich's "Gleam o' Dawn." (Appleton.)*

NINA heard him talking to the big bay horse, and afterward the retreating thud of hoofs. Then she remembered. She had been a long time away from the house. Franchette would be needing the water, and wondering where she was. She seized the pail, and filled it quickly, struggling to hurry. As she started to turn away, a square gray something shone in the advancing afternoon light, at the edge of the spring where the stranger had knelt to surprise her. She stooped to pick it up.

It was only a thin, broad piece of wood, discolored with much rubbing and thumbing. But there was something rough on the other side. Curious, she turned it. Then she stood motionless, in child-like absorption. She saw, fastened to the wood, a strip of birch bark, yellow with age, upon which were painted in faded colors the head and shoulders of a girl. It was a winsome, gentle face with lips that seemed to tremble in a smile, with straight black hair, smoothed back from a slightly sloping forehead. Below was a dark-skinned, bare neck circled with beads, and a contrasting many-colored blanket covered the girlish shoulders. But the picture lived in the deep dark eyes, innocent, direct, appealing, barbaric.

Captivated, Nina reverted to the wooden back once more. In one corner she found some roughly carved letters, which time and use had almost obliterated. Studying closely, she worked out the inscription, letter by letter, tracing in with her finger the fragments of lines that had been lost. When she had finished she looked again at the face of the picture.

"Gleam o' Dawn," she whispered. Her imagination saw a glimmer of the morning light in the dark eyes, and she understood intuitively the dim glory like a halo about the well-poised head. And, to her fancy, the smile, half gleeful, half sad, was peculiarly like that of the stranger. Reminding her of him, it reminded her also that the picture, with its smile and its eyes, belonged to him. She aroused from her reverie.

"M'sieu!" she called, putting down the pail, and running forward toward the spot where his horse had been. "M'sieu!"

Out of breath, she came to the brook.

"M'sieu!" she called again, and listened. There was no sound except those of the forest; the stream, the birds, the trees. He had gone. Of course he had gone, long ago, before

she found the picture. She could never find him, mounted on The Wind. She liked the name of his horse.

She must hurry, or Franchette would be very angry. He would not carry the picture with him if it were not dear to him. He would be sorry to have lost it, and she could bring it back to him. Then he would be glad, and he would thank her. A squirrel darted out into the path and hopped along before her, stopping occasionally to peer back at her. How beautiful and how friendly everything was, the squirrel, and the birds, the trees and the sunlight gleaming through. "Gleam o' Dawn." She wondered who the strange Indian girl of the picture was. Perhaps it was some one he had seen, and had liked for a picture. But why did he carry with him the visualized memory of her? Perhaps he had loved the girl of the picture. Nina's steps lagged. Something like dread tugged at her heart. But the picture had seemed very old. She would look at it again and be certain. And so she came to the clearing.



From "Gleam o' Dawn."

Copyright, 1908, by D. Appleton & Co.

"I LOVE YOU, LI'L BROWN GIRL."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF MERYL SEWELL?

From Eldridge's "Meryl." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"BACK up against that tree!" Bob Hernald ordered, his voice sharp, commanding.

"Are you crazy, or joking?" the man demanded, holding his ground.

"Neither; in fact," his anger suddenly leaping to the front, "I've a good mind to give you a thorough licking. I don't care to kill you, though I dare say you deserve it."

The man moved backward until he was standing straight against the oak.

"Now that rope," Bob ordered, "drop it!"

It fell at the man's feet.

"Kick it to me!"

A sullen look had fallen on the man's face, but he obeyed.

"I don't know just what your idea is, but you'd better put aside any plan of tying me up. Come near enough so that I can get my fingers on you and I'll wring your damned neck."

"Looking at it that way," Bob nodded, willing for the instant to consider the best course to follow, "you stay where you are and answer questions."

"Answer nothing!" the fellow snapped. "You and your damned lies about a night in

the woods and a sick friend— What in hell is your game, and where's that girl you spoke of—yes, where's that girl?"

"Stop!" Bob ordered sharply, as the other started toward him. "Get back to that tree! Quick, or I'll put a bullet into you so you'll have to keep quiet. Get back! Do you hear me?" The man stood sullen, hesitating. "Come!" Bob's voice grew cold. "You do as I tell you, or I'll smash that shin bone of your's so you won't walk for a while." And the pistol was lowered from the man's face till it covered his leg.

"There," Bob nodded as the fellow stepped back again, "that's better. Now you listen to me. I can shoot, and I generally hit what I aim at. You can answer questions and keep placidly cool for a while. No harm is meant you yet."

"Yet!"

"Yes, yet! Personally, I feel you should be horsewhipped; but the law will attend to that—as kidnapping is dealt with pretty severely up here in New Hampshire. I think the farmers around would consider lynching almost the best way to care for you."

"Kidnapping!" the man whispered, and his voice went husky all of a sudden. "What—what do you mean?"

"By the way!" Bob demanded, paying no attention to the question. "You don't come from these parts, do you? Where is your home? We'll let that pass." He waved his hand as the man shut his lips together tightly. "But to the point. What do you know of Meryl Sewell?"

"Meryl Sewell!" The man repeated the name absently and shook his head.

"Well, then," Bob tried again, "what do you know of the girl you and your friend Bill were looking for on the road? The one who made me this sling?"

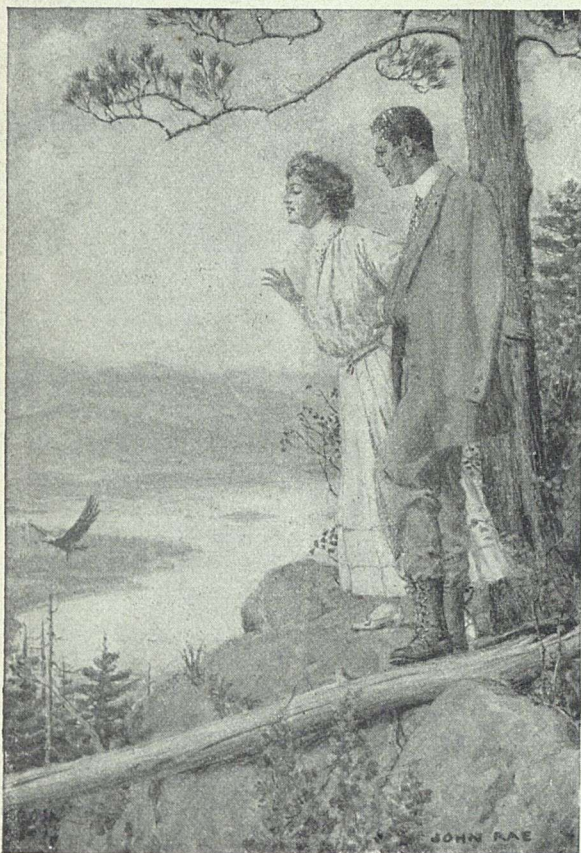
"What do you know of her yourself?"

"Oh, a great deal more than you fancy," Bob laughed. "Hold on! Get back!" The revolver was levelled again. "Yes, a great deal more than you fancy. But that's not the point. What do you know?"

"Nothing that I'll tell you," the man answered.

"I suppose," Bob agreed. He knew that by now the carriage was evidently waiting, and too, he feared to leave Gale Sewell and his niece any longer than was absolutely necessary.

"Now just remember this," he began stepping forward, "hurt as my wrist as I can still use it." Quickly he slipped the revolver into his left hand and seized the end of the rope in his right. "You'll do no neck wringing. Stand straight against that tree, hand to your sides, and keep still! I'm going to tie you up or kill you! Take your choice."



From "Meryl"

Copyright, 1908, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"JUST LET ME DRAW A BIG, DEEP BREATH."

"HE LOVES THE SAPPHIRE AS HE DOES ME."

From Chamberlain's "The Coast of Chance."
(Bobbs-Merrill.)

If Kerr were not the thief whom she had struggled so to shield, why, then he was that very strength of law and right which, for his sake, she had betrayed.

She sat up quickened with humiliation. The thing was not a tragedy, it was a grotesque. Blushing more and more crimson, struggling with strange mingled crying and laughter, she slipped out of the bed, and, still in her nightgown, ran down the hall, and knocked on Mrs. Herrick's door, until the dismayed lady opened it.

"I thought it was he," Flora gasped. "I thought it was he who had taken the ring! Why didn't he tell me? Why did he keep it secret? I would have done anything to have saved it for him, and I let Harry get it! Oh, isn't it cruel? Isn't it pitiful? Isn't it ridiculous?"

Mrs. Herrick, who, for the last thirty-six hours, had so departed from her curriculum of safety, and courageously met many strange appearances, now was to hear stranger facts. For Flora had let go completely, and Mrs. Herrick, without hinting at hysterics, let her laugh, let her cry, let her tell piece by piece, as she could, the story of the two men, from the night when Kerr had spoken so strangely at the club on the virtues of thieves to the moment when, in the willow walk, they discovered that the jewel was gone. Clara's part in the affair, and the price she had exacted, even in this unnerved moment, Flora's instinct withheld, to save Mrs. Herrick the latest cruellest touch. But for the rest—she let Mrs. Herrick have it all—and under the shadow of the grim facts the two women clung together, as if to make sure of their own identities.

"I don't even know who he is," Flora said faintly.

Mrs. Herrick gave her a quick glance. She had not a moment's hesitation as to whom the "he" meant. "You will have to ask him when he comes."

"Do you think he will come back?"

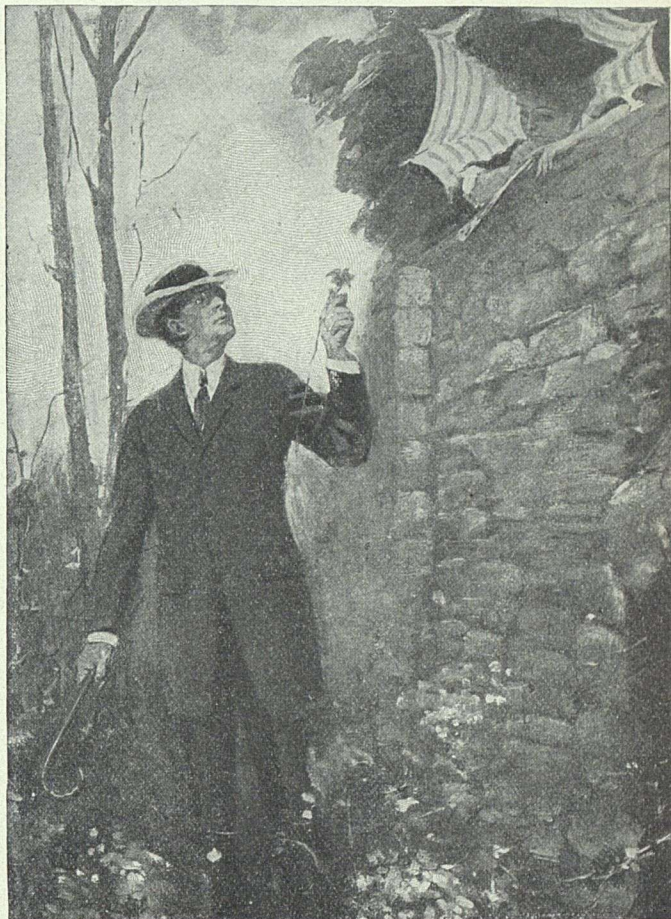
Mrs. Herrick had the heart to smile.

"But think of what I have done. I have lost him the sapphire, and he loves it—loves it as much as he does me."

Again the glance. "Did he tell you that?"

Flora nodded. The other seemed intently to consider. "He will come back," she declared.

Flora spent an empty, stagnant day moving about the house and garden where so much had happened.



From "Coast of Chance."

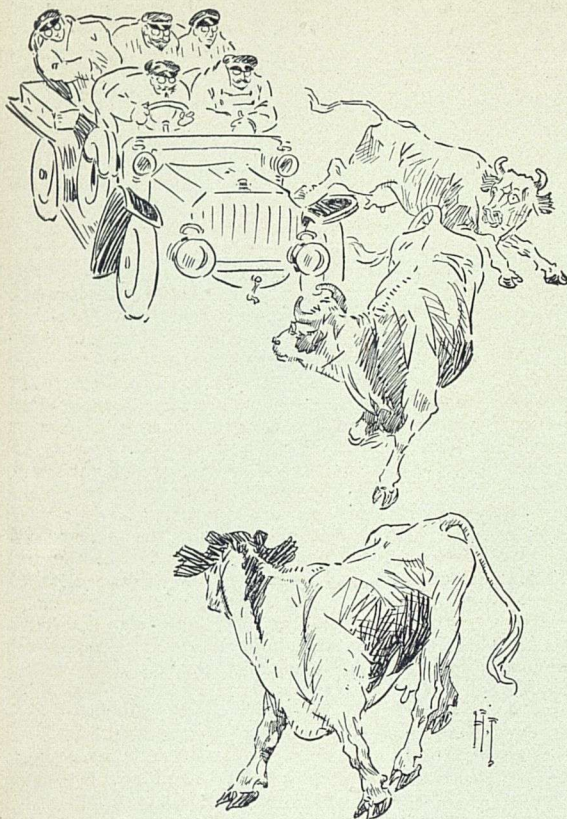
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HE TOOK THE LILIES DAINTILY IN HIS FINGERS.

HORSE-SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, N. Y. CITY.

From Pottle's "Handicapped." (Lane.)

DONOVAN was putting Madrigal over the preliminary jumps. The horse took them reluctantly. It needed all the man's skill to bring him to his work. The part of Sissy that was inviolably sportsman had to approve the beautiful management of the animal. Gradually the hurdles were being raised—higher, higher. There was a growing impatience in the nerves of the watchers. It was an irritating thing to have to endure the frequent false starts, the failures to make the



From "My Enemy, the Motor." Copyright, 1908, by John Lane Company.

COWS . . . ARE NOT LIGHTLY TO BE PASSED OVER.

jumps. They were eager for results. Each successful attempt let loose a huge gasp of satisfaction. It was known that O'Hara was jumping for a record, and the public hungered for the triumphant conclusion. A higher bar was being set. Sissy felt her heart beating as Madrigal tore down the stretch and sailed splendidly over. Everywhere was a growing excitement that manifested itself in a tenser silence. Donovan and the horse were strongly infected with the recklessness of the hour. One seemed to feel in them both the releasing of some barbaric, elemental joy. Another bar, still higher. Again that magnificent effort. Again that vast sigh of approval. Sissy grasped the rail tightly, her eyes fastened on Donovan. Herself she had almost forgotten. The sight before her eyes was becoming absolutely impersonal. She ceased to think of MacClellan at her side. Again the men were raising the hurdle. Madrigal refused the jump. The building groaned softly with disappointment. Now he was over. The bars were put up once more—to the last height. Some one in the ring stepped forward and announced that in the following jump the horse, if successful, would break all previous records. A deep, soft sound flowed through the Garden. Men and women gathered themselves into strained expectancy. A portentous silence ensued. Even the band

ceased to play. There was the thud, thud, thud of hoofs on the tanbark, a flash of black and white. Madrigal refused the jump. A second time he plunged up to the hurdle and refused. Donovan crouched low down in the saddle for the third attempt. He urged Madrigal forward and came toward the jump. The apprehensive silence was broken by his sudden wild yells. They acted like a scourge to the horse. In a tempest of effort Madrigal gathered himself together. Up, up, up! *Over!*

Before the cry of victory had formed in the mouths of the spectators, they saw the horse plunge straight to the ground and lie there, prostrate, motionless. His rider was under him.

A piteous murmur ran through the place. Then again there was ghastly silence. Men ran forward. They struggled to release Donovan. At last they succeeded. Several of them lifted him up and began to carry him from the ring. Others, left behind, bent over the horse. In a moment they stood up again and shook their heads. People were whispering fearfully. In another instant they understood that the animal was dead. The word went about that his heart had given out in his final effort. The whispering grew into a heavy, troubled sound.

At the rail, Sissy and MacClellan watched in a sort of stupor. The girl was paralyzed with fear. So terrible was the sight that she could not comprehend its terribleness. For a moment it seemed a part of the performance. Her mind was a dull, leaden, inert thing. She did not cry out; she did not even speak. Presently, as they bore Donovan away, she heard MacClellan's anxious voice. "This is terrible. I must go. What will you do? Shall I take you to?"

Sissy roused herself. The sense of the tragedy flooded in on her full and agonizing.

"No, no," she cried sharply. "I must go, too. Come! Quick, quick!"

AT SUNSET.

From Harrison S. Morris' "Lyrics and Landscapes." (Century.)

DIVIDED in allegiance, on the height,
Between the boundaries of the day and night,
I wait for counsel, and with listening soul,
Which is the spirit's dedicated goal?
Still to move onward to the rolling west,
Nor find surcease in any bowered rest?
Or to be quiet, and to feel the tide
Of cool oblivion round my feet divide,
Sink into night and slumber, tho' the noise
Of clamoring peoples shake the spirit's poise?

Oh, sunset, beckoning to the busy deeps
That lie beyond, where day forever keeps;
Oh, grateful night with balm to seal the eyes
And lull the laborer into paradise;
Which? Shall ambition conquer or the soul?
I stand divided; which shall make me whole?

JOE MANSFIELD, KING OF GAMBLERS.

From Lorimer's "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal." (Geo. W. Dillingham Co.)

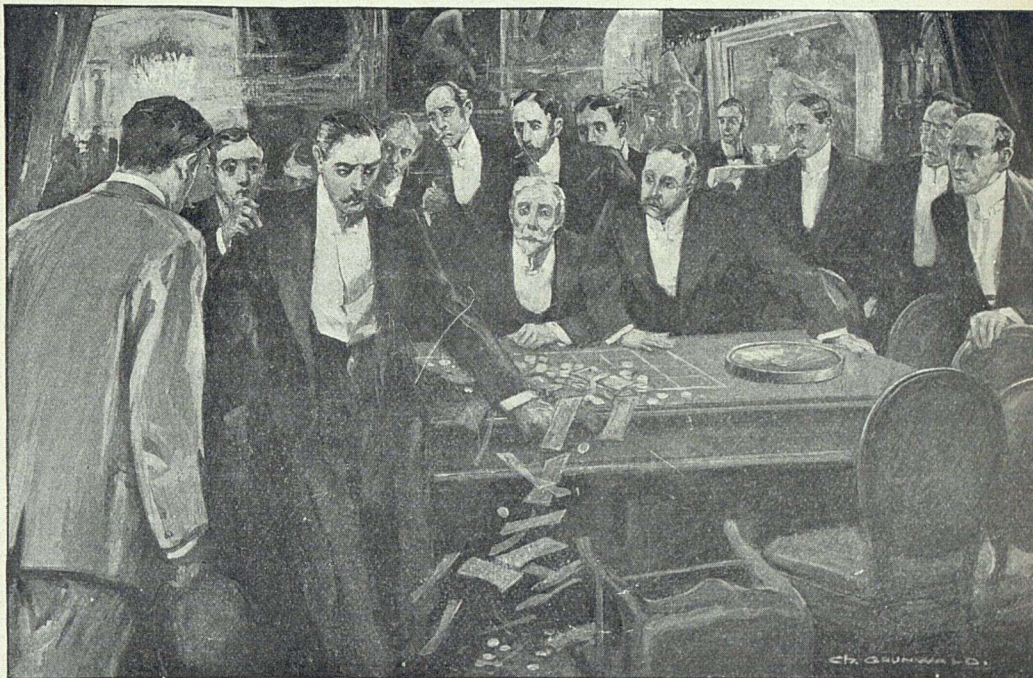
BILLIE, who had just lost ten dollars on the red, turned to greet a tall, thin man of aristocratic appearance. It was Joe Mansfield, king of the gamblers.

His evening dress, clean shaven face, white hair and quiet, unobtrusive manner gave Mansfield the appearance of a gentleman. Yet he was not ashamed to acknowledge his calling. In fact, it pleased his vanity to be styled king of the gamblers. It was a title which he had earned on many a sensational occasion when quickness of judgment and coolness of nerve was necessary to avert a catastrophe. He was a true gambler. He never played at his own tables, but he plunged heavily in Wall Street and on the race tracks, and no man was more ready to take a chance. At his own tables there was no bet that he would not accept. Usually there was a limit on the play, but if requested to do so by a responsible patron he was always willing to take the limit off altogether. One night a lucky player won \$100,000 at roulette, breaking the bank several times, but Mansfield did not turn a hair. Suave and self-possessed as ever, he brought from his safe more stacks of yellow bills, and the game continued. He left most of the details to his manager, but he was not idle. It was his custom to flit quietly from room to room and watch for a few moments the play at each table, surveying the general situation. He would study his patrons, calculating their winnings or their power to withstand further losses, lending this man money, advising that one to quit.

His relations with his patrons were always cordial. If there was anything unpleasant to be done, such as ejecting an obstreperous player or refusing a persistent borrower further credit, that duty devolved upon the dapper and ubiquitous Mr. Walters.

No ordinary ability could have won for Mansfield his proud title, King of Gamblers. The secret of his success had been unusual capacity for organization, a polished, gentlemanly demeanor, a thorough knowledge of human nature, the coolness and imperturbability of the born gambler, and above all the possession of those rare virtues—diplomacy, tact, discretion. Men occupying the most responsible positions in New York's commercial life, bank presidents and others, the slightest reflection on whose characters might imperil the institutions of which they were the head, had lost many thousands of dollars at his tables, yet no word of the identity of the losers was ever allowed to reach the outer world. His croupiers and employees were well trained. Secrecy! Secrecy! That was Mansfield's watchword, and the policy had paid him well. He had made influential friends as well as money. Men prominent in the affairs of the nation, who would have shrunk from having their names linked with his, secretly gave him a friendly nod when they chanced to meet in public. They never knew when they might need him. Mansfield was generous with his cheque-book—to the right kind of borrower. At one time he was said to have in his safe I. O. U.'s, all signed by well-known names, to the tune of \$750,000.

Mansfield never made a mistake. His instinct was unerring. He knew whom to lend



From "The Profligate."

"YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!"

Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Company.

to and whom to refuse. Courteous as a Chesterfield to the man he favored, he could be merciless as a Marat to anyone who betrayed his confidence. His personal fortune was estimated at three millions, a goodly share of which he had spent in making his establishment the most magnificently appointed gambling house in the world. The authorities were always threatening him, but the influence behind him checkmated all the measures taken against his establishment. It was his boast that he was above the law, and many believed him. In view, however, of the recent election to office of a strenuous district attorney, who had started in to make a series of spectacular raids, Mansfield took no chances. He had rendered his house impregnable and safe for his patrons in case of attack. There were all kinds of electric devices to give the alarm, double doors and shutters built of solid steel and secret chambers and subterranean passages for rapid flight in case the outworks were carried. One day it was rumored that the belligerent district attorney had made a special trip uptown to Thirty-seventh Street, in order to study the ground preparatory to making a determined raid. Mansfield laughed at the story. He defied the police to do their worst. Faro and roulette went on at full blast in a blaze of light and frenzied excitement.

THE GREY KNIGHT AND THE NURSE.

From De la Pasture's "The Grey Knight."
(Dutton.)

BUT Louise was watching for him, with the tray of soup and toast that was due at this hour; and he drew her into the library with him, and closed the door.

There were moments that atoned for any impatience or want of consideration that he had ever shown towards her.

To Louise—capable by nature of appreciating to the utmost every luxury of human emotion—the ups and downs of Sir Harry's character were a thousand times more attractive than the level sympathy and amiability of Dr. Morgan. She felt him to be at once capable of greater faults and higher perfection, at once more earthy and more spiritual.

She was less a woman wanting a lover than a spirit seeking its mate. In her mental vision she beheld Sir Harry's mighty and brilliant personality standing forth in bold relief against the black curtain which shrouded her own innocent unhappy past. They had no memories in common, but she knew that they had all else; and though possessed by a vague sense of her own unworthiness, she was also possessed by that keen consciousness peculiar to a woman in love, of the power within her to live up to the utmost of her lover's ideal.

Her desire to please, already a strong characteristic, became almost an obsession in his presence. When he turned to her for sympathy, her response was at once so tender and so passionate that it would have been difficult for even the exactingness of Sir Harry to be disappointed. If anything about her displeased him, it was perhaps her humility. Louise lacked entirely *l'art de se faire valoir*. She gave of her confidence, of her devotion, of her affection, full measure, counting no cost; and was too simple to enhance the value of the smallest favor by affecting to deny it.

His sincerity was gratified by this trait in her character; but he had formed his notions of feminine perfection on a different model, and was not always certain whether the contrast charmed or vexed him.

But of his delight of her subtle understanding, her quick response to his every change of mood, her soothing influence upon his too irritable temper, he had no doubt at all. He was too loyal to own, even to himself, that he had never known the restfulness of such perfect companionship before. He dwelt rather upon her beauty, which was of that type that appealed to him most strongly; and upon her sweetness of nature and gentleness of disposition, which appeared to him the complement of his own fiery temperament.

He threw himself back in his



From "The Grey Knight."

Copyright, 1908, by E. P. Dutton & Co

BETTY DE LA PASTURE AND HER HUSBAND IN COURT DRESS.

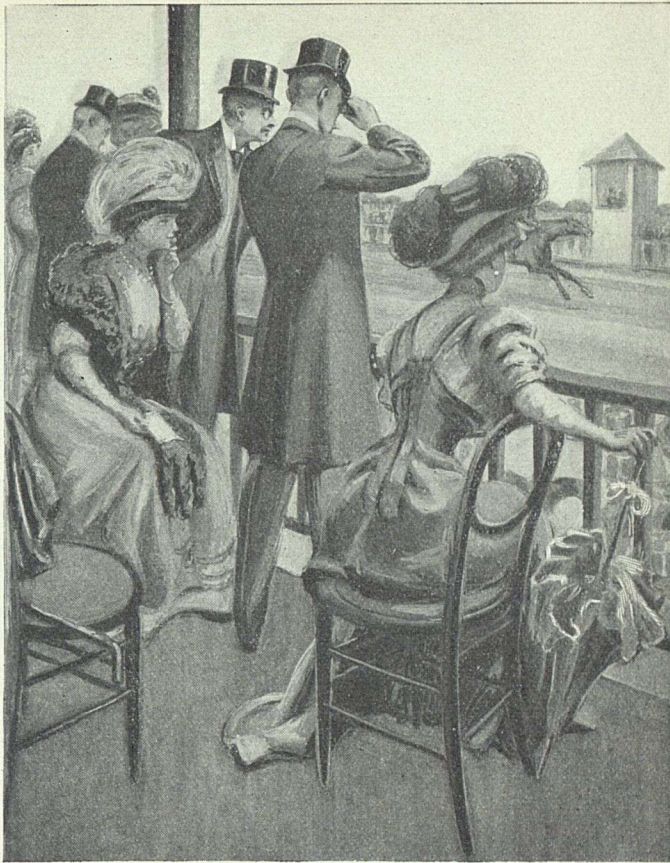
armchair, and leant his head wearily against her shoulder, as she knelt beside him.

"I am tired, Louise. It is strange how seldom I remember that I am getting old—that I *am* old. I wonder how often *you* think of it?"

"I never think of it," she answered sincerely. "Or if I think of it at all, it is to realize that your spirit is younger than mine—younger in some ways than anybody's I have ever known. You take so much interest, you enjoy everything so keenly. I thought I loved life out-of-doors—the life that is so new to me—as much as any one could, till I went out with you and saw the woods and the moors and river through your eyes."

"I have lived with them all my life. These things are not learnt in a moment. The country does not yield its secrets so easily."

"Until a year ago I had never lived in the country—scarcely seen it," she murmured. "It has all come upon me at once—the beauty of the earth, and the wonder of your love."



From "The Marquis and Pamela"

Copyright, 1908, by Duffield & Co.

THE MARQUIS HELD HIS RACE GLASSES TO HIS EYES TILL THE WINNING NUMBERS WENT BY.

BAEDEKER TOURISTS.

From Warner's "Seeing England With Uncle John." (Century Co.)

WHAT did he say? I declare, the English they talk here is almost un-understandable, one might as well be in Egypt! Just say that over again, my good man. Oh, he *has* found your trunk, Dilly; it's labelled with mine. Can we go aboard now? Yes, we can. Come on. Droll little cars, aren't they? Sort of like getting into a carriage that's sitting down on something without wheels. Put the bags opposite, porter—trunks in the forward van, you say—very good. You mustn't say "All right" in England, Dilly, it shows you're American. Oh no, there's no crime in being American, only one should try to remember to say "box" and "very good." Yes, and you must say "tuppence" for two pence and "thrippence" for three pence. No, you don't say fuppence or fippence; no, nor sippence nor tipence; no, nor two pence. Here, Dilly, you look out of that window and I'll look out of this and then we can both keep our feet up. They say Americans always keep their feet up so we may as well be comfortable as long as we've got the name for it. I wish I'd thought to buy a paper. No, I don't

know whether we go through Lancaster or not. Well, if it says that we do in the Baedeker then we do and what was the use of asking the question? You'll tear that map if you unfold it so often, Dilly, I *never* unfold a map. I don't know why Lancaster should be interesting. Of course there's a castle there, there's a castle everywhere in Europe, and all along the scenery between, besides. Well, what if it was the site of a Roman station? Roman stations were as thick as castles once. I don't know *which* way is the east—that way, I guess, as we're travelling north. . . . Castle where Catharine Parr was born, oh, I shouldn't wonder. She had to be born somewhere and why not here as well as anywhere? I declare, Dilly, if you're going to be disappointed over not seeing everything that's in that Baedeker, you'd better throw the book out of the window because you can't do it. Baedeker himself don't do it—he has hundreds of people writing 'em up. You wait until you've seen as many sights as I have and then you'll take life calmly as I do. I'm going to sleep now and my advice to you is to go to sleep, too. You'll be rested then and perhaps we'll be able to do Carlisle late this afternoon and take a night-train for Scotland.



From "Seeing England with Uncle John."

Copyright, 1908, by The Century Co.

"DO YOU THINK THAT COULD BE MARIE CORELLI?"

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

From Cooper's "The Marquis and Pamela."
(Duffield & Co.)

"EVER since she was born," said Lady Arlington, quietly and coldly, "Pamela Carstone has been resolved to get what she wanted out of somebody. Shortly after she was in her teens she realized the fact that her grandmother neither could nor would give her everything she asked for, so she set up her first lover and made him supply all deficiencies. The man in question—poor James Elworth, do you remember him?—really fell violently in love with her, so she was able to keep him going for seven or eight months and have a thoroughly good time. When he proposed to her, Pamela, who isn't a bad sort of actress in her way, was able to affect the most delightful innocence, and to gull everyone into believing that she was a mere child who had never yet heard of a love story nor guessed at the probability of a man being in love with herself. A richer man had come along, you see, and she treated him in exactly the same way. It went on like that till she had realized that a title was a desirable thing as well as money and fun. Then she sent the second person about his business and made love to Whitmore, whom she has no more intention, now, of marrying than I have, because she realizes that he hasn't got enough money to amuse her. Pamela not only doesn't know, and never will know, what love means; she doesn't know what ordinary, commonplace affection is. She has never in her life

said or done a thing with any other object but her own amusement or her own gain, and she never will. She is the sort of person, Harry, whom only women know; who couldn't do the most common act of politeness to a mother, sister, friend, or lover without every woman who saw it wondering to herself, 'What does the girl hope to gain by that?' Her women guardians asked that when she was six; her girl friends asked it when she was sixteen; her women companions will ask it when she is sixty."

"You draw a spirited picture of a very unpleasant young person," said Seaford, trying to laugh, but the effort was not successful. Perhaps, in spite of much sarcastic wisdom spoken and written on the matter, no man has ever listened to a clever woman's criticism of her rival without an uncomfortable suspicion that the damnatory portion of it may have a substratum of truth. Besides, there was something rather alarming about

this scheme when it was put into words by a third person. A love story is one matter when it is a romance of whispers, clasped hands, moonlight, and many angry rivals; it is altogether another when a friend, brimming over with offensive common sense, discusses marriage and its consequences.

WE WAS LADIES IN THOSE DAYS.

From Slosson's "A Dissatisfied Soul." (Bennell, Silver & Co.)

THEY didn't have so many ways of church work then with all kinds of unions and societies and associations, and a Christian Endeavorer had never even been heard of in Stonington them times. They never had any of these clubs for ladies they have everywhere these days where they get things out of books about pictures and politics, religion and geography, copy it all out on clean, nice paper tied together with ribbon and read it to the meeting. Nor the other kind where they study all winter about some big poetry-writer and guess what he meant by some verses that don't seem to have any sense at all. More'n likely he didn't mean 'em to have any. Clubs like that would have been real musical to me them days and helped pass the time wonderful. Women's clubs they call them now. I should like to have the body that would have dast to speak of me or any of the best Stonington ladies as *women* those days. We was *ladies* and lived up to it, or meant to. Might about as well have called us females.

THE HEAT OF THE MASK SUFFOCATED HER.

From MacGrath's "The Lure of the Mask." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

"I wish I knew the color of your eyes. Behind those holes I see nothing but points of fire, no color. Are they blue, brown, grey?"

"They are blue. But supposing I wear this mask because my face is dreadfully scarred, and that I have some vanity?"

"Vanity, yes; but scars, never; at least never so deep as you yourself can make. You do not wear that mask to cover defects, but out of mercy to me."

He was looking at the steins, one of which he held in his hand. Moreover, he returned and set the stein down beside his plate.

"Tell me, why do you do that?"

"I have an idea. But let us proceed with the dinner. This salad—"

"I am more interested in the idea."

"May I smoke?" he asked.

"By all means. Do you not enjoy a cigarette?"

"Sometimes," she answered. "But that idea—"

"Will you not have one?" He moved the case still nearer to the line.

"One moment," he said; "let us understand each other thoroughly."

"What do you mean?" her arm poised in mid-air.

"To touch a cigarette you must cross the line to this side."

"I shall not smoke. If I crossed the line I should establish a dangerous precedent. A good stroke. Now, the idea."

"The mirror over the piano confused me. I had seen it somewhere before. Then, there was that old copy of Botticelli. The frame was familiar, but I could not place it. This stein, however!" He laughed; the laugh was boyish, even triumphant.

"Well, that stein?"

"I bought that stein two seasons ago. This is the Sandfords' place, and you are the veiled lady who has been riding Mrs. Sandford's favorite hunter in the park."

"And so?"

"I shall find out who you are presently."

"How?"

"That shall be my secret. Mutual friends, indeed! You will not have to send me home blindfolded."

"That is precisely what I shall do, in a certain sense. My name? Perhaps. But you will never know my face."

"Suppose I should determine to cross the line, despite your precepts?"

They stood up simultaneously. In a matter of this sort he was by far the quicker. In an instant he had caught her by the wrist, at the same time drawing her irresistibly round the table toward him. His grasp was not rough, only firm. She ceased to pull against him.

"I must see your face. I shall never be at peace if I do not."

"Certainly you will never know any peace if you do. Be careful!"

"Will you let me see your face?"

"You may kiss my hand, Mr. Hillard."



From "The City of Delight."

Copyright, 1908, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

AT HER FEET HANNAH KNELT.

INVESTING IN A BOXING BEAR.

From Lorimer's "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal."
(Doubleday, Page.)

THE next thing I remembered was waking up in a car at Harvard Square, and that was where the bear came into the kinetoscope.

A dago was leading her across the square, taking her home, I suppose, after showing her off. She was a boxing bear, one of the sort that stands up and has a go with her master for the amusement of the thoughtless, and she still had the mitts on her paws. It struck me as awfully pathetic that an animal which had been born to the glad, free life of the wilds should be degraded that way, and have to work nights putting up her dukes for a pittance of spaghetti money. So I stopped the dago and reproved him sternly for keeping a bear up so late. He rolled out some rare old Roman curses that sounded as if they might have been used by the populace in the Colosseum. They were new ones to me, and I almost forgot the bear in encouraging the dago to dig deeper into the dead past. Then somehow, as the talk slackened, it came to me as a happy inspiration that while the city of Boston had the magnificent Arnold Arboretum, it was shy of bears with which

to stock it. I would buy this denizen of the forest, and bring a little sunshine into its sad life by liberating it next day in the Arboretum, there to start a herd and pass its declining years in the old, wild way. It's strange how a few passes over the larynx will mellow and expand our rude Anglo-Saxon speech, but I was thinking in just that kind of language.

I forgot some more along here, but I must have bought the bear, all right, for when I reached up and felt for my roll in my waistcoat pocket, I found that what the tiger hadn't got, the bear had.

I was not entirely lacking in filial feeling, for I reproached myself bitterly for having locked up the Governor's good money in so slow an asset as a boxing bear. Of course I might have realized if I could have stayed by the bear market. But I was like the bank cashier who, in answer to a hurry-call from his wife to get rich quick, loaded up with Steel Common at fifty, only to find the toboggan greased and the bank examiner at the door. It was up to me to do something quick. Already little brown eyes, having licked up the last of the tar-soap lather, was emitting low, horrid growls. This I took to be the signal for feeding the carnivora.

I couldn't wash, and I couldn't shave, but I hustled into my clothes, figuring that if I could find food enough, I could keep her quiet until twelve or one that night, when I could snake her out and lose her up the nearest dark alley.

But I didn't know what bears would eat.

SPANISH LOVE.

From Hewlett's "The Spanish Jade." (Doubleday, Page.)

MANUELA with eyes ablaze strode over to Estéban. "Well," she said. "You have found me. What is your pleasure?"

"I have come to kill you, Manuelita—from Pobleto in a day and a half."

She had folded her arms, and now nodded. "I know it. I have expected you."

"Of course," said Estéban.

"Well, I am here," she said. "I might have left you, but I have not. Why don't you do what you intended?"

"There is plenty of time," said Estéban.

"Do you know why I chose to stay with you?" she asked him softly. "Do you know, Estéban?"

"Not at all."

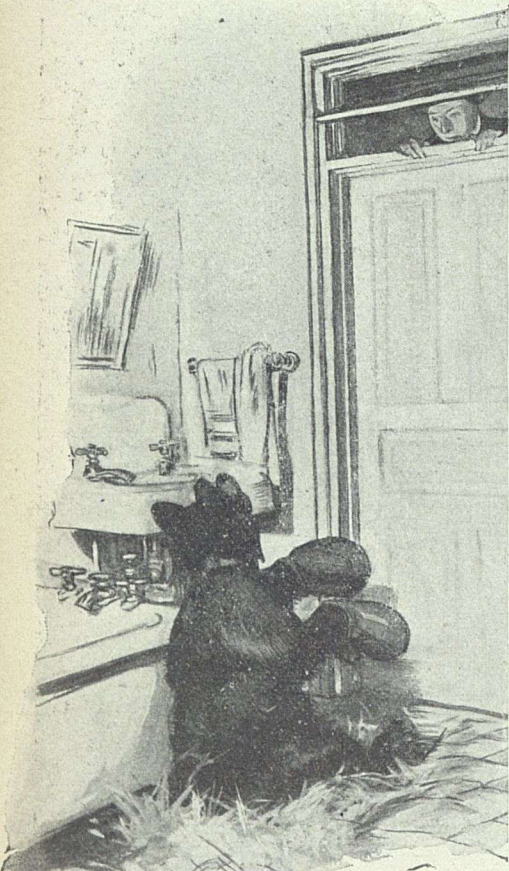
"It was because I had a bargain to make with you."

"It will be a hard bargain for you, my girl."

"I believe you will agree to it," she said quickly, "seeing that of my own will I have remained here. I will let you kill me as you please—on a condition."

"Name your condition," said Estéban. "I will only say now that it is my wish to strangle you with my hands."

She put both hers to her throat. "Good," she said. "That shall be your affair. But let the caballero go free. He has done you no harm."



From "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal."
Doubleday, Page & Co.

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SHE SNIFFED AND SAT DOWN ON IT.

"On the contrary," said Estéban. "I shall certainly kill him when he returns. Have no doubt of that—and then I shall have his horse."

Immediately, without fear, she went up to him where he sat on his donkey. She saw the knife in his *faja*, but had no fear at all. She came quite close to him, with an ardent face, with eyes alight. She stretched out her arms like a man on a cross.

"Kill, kill, Estéban! But listen first. You shall spare the gentleman's life, for he has done you no wrong."

He laughed her down. "Wrong! And you come to me to swear that on the Cross of Christ? Daughter of swine, you lie."

Tears were in her eyes, which made her blink and shake her head—but she came closer yet in a passion of entreaty. She was so close that her bosom touched him. "Kill, Estéban, kill—but love me first!" Her arms were about him now, as if she must have love of him or die. "Estéban," Estéban!" she was whispering as if she hungered and thirsted for him. He shivered at a memory. "Love me once, love me once, Estéban!" Close and closer she clung to him; her eyes implored a kiss.

"Loose me, you jade," he said, less sharply, but she clove closer to him, and one hand downward from his shoulder, as if she would embrace him by the middle. "Too late, Manuelita, too late," he said again, but he was plainly softening. She drew his face towards hers as if to kiss him, then whipped the long knife out of his girdle and drove it with all her sobbing force into his neck. Estéban uttered a thick groan, threw his head up and rocked twice. Then his head dropped and he fell sideways off his donkey.

THE BOTTLE WAS EMPTY.

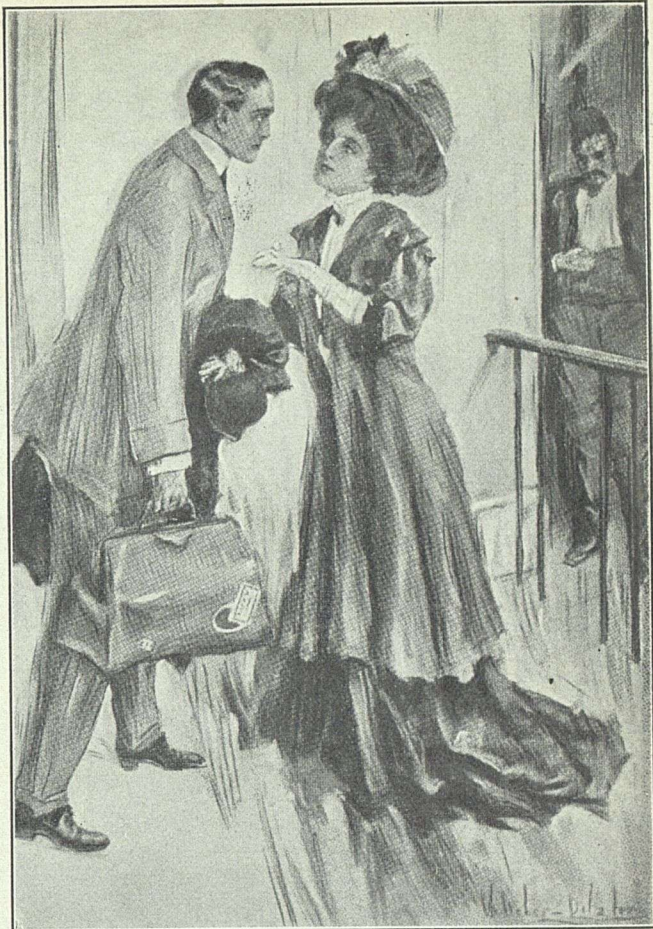
From Locke's "The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia."
(Moffat, Yard & Co.)

"THERE is a message for me?" the monk asked, in a voice low from age, but still round and firm.

"It is I who have it," I responded, stepping forward. "My instructions were to deliver it in private."

The Igumen quickly waved the others from the room.

"And now, Monsieur?"



From "The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia."

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"WE MUST NOT BE SEEN TALKING TOGETHER."

Without speaking, I pulled forth the vinaigrette from my pocket. Like Marie, he gave no sign of recognition upon its appearance.

"I was told to give you this," said I, and handed him the bottle. "The message is inside; a flower."

This time, with one questioning glance at my face, he started. "But you—it was to have come by a woman's hands," he murmured, as he unscrewed the top.

"She was unable to bring it. She gave it to me. Her movements were watched, and —"

The words died away. I was conscious of the fiercest eyes I have ever seen glued upon mine; of the open end of the vinaigrette thrust toward me.

"Look, Monsieur," spoke the bland, low voice. "The bottle is empty."

"Empty? Empty!" I faltered.

"The bottle is empty, Monsieur. And it once contained a flower, say you?"

"It contained a withered dahlia stem, with a few petals."



From "A Comedy of Mammon."
Dana Estes & Co.

Copyright, 1903, by

AMY ROBINSON.

"Monsieur has seen the dahlia stem?"

"Not since the vinaigrette first came into my possession. And since then it has been well guarded!"

"Yes?" The soft monosyllable cut like a knife.

The old fellow took me by the arm and led me to the divan.

"Come, Monsieur; sit down and tell me the story."

The story was soon told, from the moment Martha Ewing thrust the vinaigrette into my hand, up to the moment that I thrust it into his own. Under promise of secrecy I even violated my word to Marie Traube and gave him the particulars of our quarrel. One thing, about which there was much cross-questioning, bothered me, and upon it depended all hope of following up the treachery which had been done. I could not, for the life of me, remember whether, after that first evening in Sofia, I had ever again opened the bottle. I thought not; that I had always deemed the presence of the vinaigrette itself sufficient proof that its contents were safe. And so there was no telling whether the dahlia stem had been removed before or after I left Sofia.

"THE HIGHER ACTING."

From "A Comedy of Mammon." (Dana Estes & Co.)

TO-DAY I went to one of the matinées at the Superior Theatre, where they produce the *higher* plays, and you see the *higher* acting.

Plot, incident, construction, and a regular ending—in fact all that old-fashioned nonsense—are quite tabooed in the Superior Theatre's plays, and instead you have *atmosphere* and *point of view*.

The play to-day is making a great sensation; it is a new one by a man who is expected to do immense things. It is called "*Pain*;" there are only two characters, and the whole action passes in a dentist's room. The Woman is waiting to have a tooth out, and in the intervals of writhing (Miss St. Sylvester's writhe is hugely admired, and I hear she's copyrighted it) and rushing up and down in agony, she tells us all about her past, a fairly lurid one. This takes half an hour or so. Then the dentist appears, and in him the Toothache-Woman recognizes the Man who constitutes the chief part of her past.

After the interchange of a few compliments of a reminiscent nature, she proceeds to state the Woman's Case for about three-quarters of an hour. The dentist then takes the floor and gives us the Man's Case for a like period (every one says Hugh Havilland shows such admirable restraint here; though there are *some* carping, jealous creatures who say there's *so much* restraint that they don't quite see where the *acting* comes in!). Both of them, in stating their cases, call a spade by a still shorter name. And then a frightful fit of toothache comes on, and the Woman, after doing her copyrighted writhe all over the stage, comes to the conclusion that shame, remorse, heartache, and mental anguish of every kind, all lumped together, are simply nowhere when a full-sized toothache comes along, and she ends by imploring the Man to relieve her agony, and assuring him that it will pretty well cancel any wrong he has done her in the past. She gets into the operating chair, and the curtain falls, leaving us wondering (it's the very *essence* of the *higher* plays to leave one wondering) whether she dies under the anæsthetic that's being administered, or whether she gets through it all right, and goes away *with* her past and *without* her tooth. Altogether "*Pain*" is a lovely play, and every one applauded it immensely. I'm going to have the author presented to me.

THE SON AT ODDS WITH HIS FATHER.

From Walk's "*The Silver Blade*." (McClurg.)

BORN by reason of recognized ability in his profession and of his high family connections, Doctor Mobley Westbrook was leader of the medical fraternity in the city of his birth and residence. He was still youthful in spite of his thirty-five years; democratic in his tastes, immensely popular in every class of society, and for these reasons considerably at odds with his father.

Notwithstanding his popularity, his single excursion into politics had only shown his unfitness for the national game; a circumstance mentioned here because later on he is to have it brought back to him in a manner both forcible and disagreeable.

Singularly enough—for from another and altogether different sentiment the General himself was popular—General Westbrook was known to hold his son in some disfavor because he was so well and universally esteemed. His exclusive nature could not brook the physician's democratic inclinations; it made the latter an alien. The General did not understand it, and what he could not understand he disliked.

The two personalities were remarkably divergent in every way. General Peyton Westbrook was an exaggerated type of the old-school Southern gentleman. Strikingly handsome, elegant in appearance, his erect and rigid bearing, together with a falcon-like glance suggested a stature which one in describing would be likely to pronounce tall when in reality it was not much over five feet. His graceful slenderness added considerably to the illusion. His hair was white, his features cameo-like—aristocratic, and stamped with the overweening family pride, to which, with him, every other human emotion was subservient.

It is probable that his presence and name were better known in every part of the State than those of any other living man. For the class which he represented was that noble body of patricians—handsome and recklessly brave men, and beautiful, high-minded women—who have given the world criterions by which human excellence and human weakness alike may be measured—and his position was a personal hobby, persistently and consistently ridden.

Of his standing he was perhaps pardonably proud. Besides his social position and that of his wife, who had been a Shepardson, and of his lovely daughter, Joyce, he had fought gallantly, if not brilliantly, through the war between the States; but he was just narrow-minded enough to allow his pride and egoism to exclude the rest of humanity.

There was but one uniting link between Mobley and his father and mother—the latter even more distant and unapproachable than her spouse—and that was the daughter and sister, Joyce. Whatever their differences, the family was held together by affection for this beautiful girl.

The love that bound Joyce and Mobley was deep and abiding. It is not surprising, then, when the question of his sister's marriage became gossip, that Mobley should have taken a stand on the subject which brought about a final and complete rupture from his father and mother. The name with which his sister's had been linked was no other than that of this same Alberto de Sanchez, who now lay dead, with a ghastly knife-wound in his throat, in the Doctor's own office.

IN SEARCH OF RUBBER.

From Nicholas' "The Power Supreme." (R. E. Lee Co.)

So for a good half-day we tramped and then sat in a grove of great trees to rest and eat. While we rested I saw in the distance a white trunk of a tree gleam as a sunbeam fell across it. In an instant I sprang to my feet. "Rubber," I said; "see it yonder."

José looked up for a moment, and then rising indifferently said we would look to see if it were worth cutting.

The trees proved to be only young material, but we decided that it would be as well to cut and kill them, for it were useless to leave the trees that they might grow larger to benefit others, so we took what could be had for ourselves, though the trees were really too young to yield us much rubber. First we cleaned up the leaves beneath the trees and at the foot of each made a smooth basin-like depression in which the sap would collect, then with our machettes we cut and gashed at the trunk, beating the bark with the backs of our knives, and doing everything possible to maltreat the trees and increase the flow of the milk.

After working an hour or more several quarts of milk had collected at the foot of the trees, and now oozing more slowly began to coagulate on the trunks in long clotted strips, lengthening as the sap oozed out and trickled



From "The Silver Blade."

Copyright, 1908, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

AT TIMES CHARLOTTE BECAME BEAUTIFUL.

slowly down toward the ground. Our work was done, a few pounds of rubber would repay our labors, and a group of trees which with care should have been useful for years were now surely dying, though that was no concern of ours. Leaving the rubber to dry so that we might collect it on our return, we started walking again, following on the same direction without turning to one side or the other. Once I saw rubber-trees in the woods near a brook, but José would not stop, only on and on we went, not speaking a word.

When evening came, we found ourselves by a stream, quite a volume of water, which I judged was a branch of our river, the junction with which we had passed some days before. If José's rubber was on this river why had he not directly ascended the branch, which we could have done unobserved? It was useless to question, I knew that José would not answer, and when he bade me make a raft of logs so that we might cross the branch river, I set to work at once. The task was not hard, trees yielding a soft, light wood were felled, the trunks were lashed together with climbing vines, and the raft was ready. Then long poles were cut and with these we guided the raft, making our way across the branch, where I hoped we would camp for the night; but no, the raft was drawn up on the bank, and José strode directly into the woods, our way leading down a little, till we came to a smaller branch of the river. Here José ordered another raft made, and when it was finished directed me to leave it on the bank where it was. With

hurried steps, and much to my surprise, we went back to our first raft, then we returned to the other, and came back again to the first. This had now worn quite a path and José seemed satisfied. We then built a small *rancho* of posts and palm leaves and prepared our camp for the night. We had brought some plantain with us, José killed an iguana with his shotgun, and I, trying my luck with a hook and line, caught a big catfish, so our dinner promised to be sufficient. As the sun was setting, we roasted our plantain and toasted the fish and the iguana; salt we carried with us and presently had a bountiful dinner piled up on broad leaves. Surely life in the woodlands is good, with hearts beating with vigorous life, and with keen appetites sharpened by work; of food there is an abundance, and always the great forest around one. Evening was coming on and José and I were alone, I, a boy eager to make a way for myself, and José a man, veteran of many campaigns after rubber and of many wild scenes in the woods.

Surely now he would talk to me, though I knew he was considering carefully. I was not disappointed, for after he and I had eaten our fill, he said:

"Joaquín, may the dead come to follow your path for ever if you break faith with me."

HIS POOR DEAR SHIRTS AND THINGS.

From C. N. and A. M. Williamson's "The Chaperon." (McClure & Co.)

"WHAT shall we do with his poor dear shirts and things?" she asked. "We might keep them all to remember him by, perhaps; only—they would be such odd sorts of souvenirs for girls to have, and—oh, my goodness, Nell, who could have dreamed of Captain Noble in—in whatever it is?"

Whatever it was, it was pale-blue silk, with lovely pink stripes of several shades, and there was a jacket which Phil was just holding out by its shoulders, to admire, when a slight cough made us turn our heads.

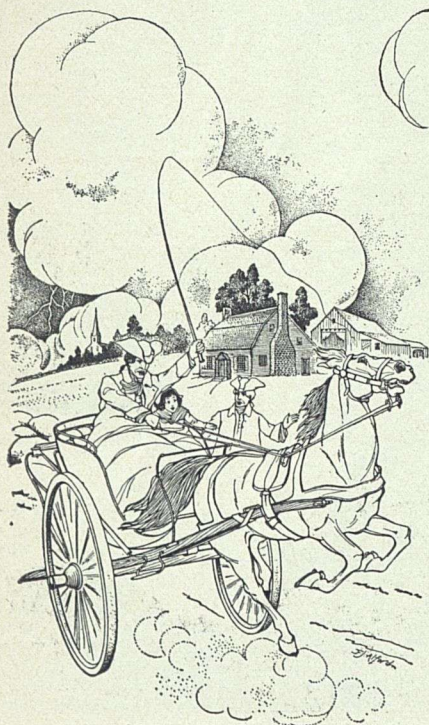
It is strange what individuality there can be in a cough. We would have sworn if we'd heard it while locked up with Mr. Paasma in a dark cell, where there was no other human being to produce it, that he couldn't have uttered such an interesting cough.

Before we turned, we knew that there was a stranger on "Lorelei," but we were surprised when we saw what sort of stranger he was.

He stood in the narrow doorway between the two cabins, looking at us with bright, dark eyes, like Robert Louis Stevenson's, and dressed in smart flannels and a tall collar, such as Robert Louis Stevenson would never have consented to wear.

"I beg your pardon," said he, in a nice, drawling voice, which told me that he'd first seen the light in one of the Southern States of America.

"I beg yours," said I. (Somehow Phil generally waits for me to speak first in emergencies, though she's a year older.) "Are you looking for any one—the caretaker of our boat, perhaps?"



From "Peter Rugg." Copyright, 1908, by R. E. Lee Company.

"I WILL SEE HOME TO-NIGHT."

His eyes travelled from me to Phil; from Phil to the blue garment to which she still clung; from the blue garment to the pile of stiff white shirts in an open drawer.

"No—o, I wasn't exactly looking for any one," he slowly replied. "I just came on board to—er—"

"To *what*, if you please?" I demanded, beginning to stiffen. "I've a right to know, because this is our boat. If you're a newspaper reporter, or anything of that sort, please go away; but if you have business—"

"No, it was only pleasure," said the young man, his eyes like black diamonds. "I didn't know the boat was yours."

"Whose did you think it was?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I—er—thought it was mine."

"What do you mean?" I cried, while Phil threw a wild, questioning look at the shirts, and dropped the blue silk jacket.

"That is, temporarily. But there must be some mistake."

"There must—a big mistake. Where's the caretaker? He came on board with us."

The young man's eyes twinkled even more. "Did he know it was your boat?"

"Why, of course, we told him. It was left to us in a will. We've just come to claim it."

"Oh, I think I begin to see. I shouldn't wonder if Paasma has now taken to his bed with a sudden attack of—whatever the Dutch have instead of nervous prostration. He didn't know you were coming?"

"Not till we came."

"It must have been quite a surprise. By Jove, the old fox! I suppose he hadn't got the shadow of a right, then, to let the boat to me?"

"My gracious!" breathed Phyllis, and shut up the drawer of shirts with a snap. "I don't know what she did with the blue silk object, except that it suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the floor. Perhaps she stood on it."

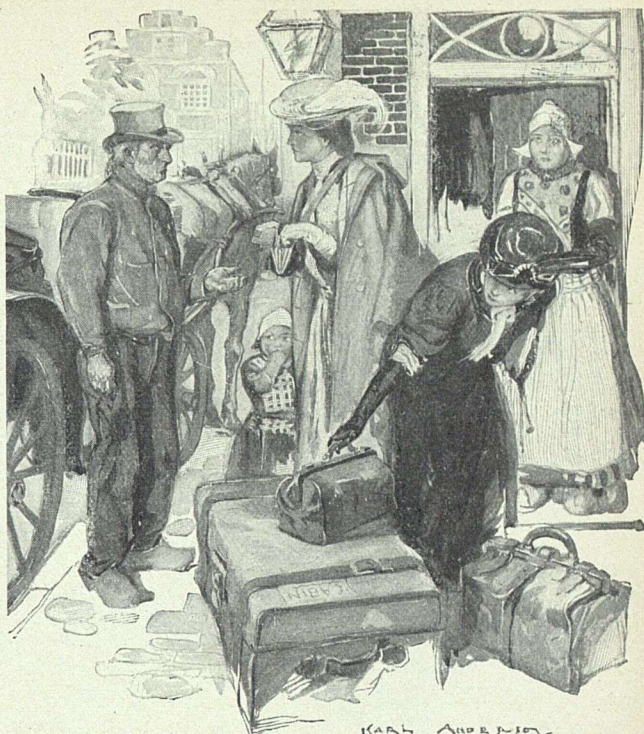
"What an awful thing," said I. "You're sure you're not in the wrong boat? You're sure he didn't let you some other one?"

"Sure. There is no other one in Holland exactly like this. I've been on board nearly every day for a week, ever since I began to—"

"Since you began—"

"To have her done up. Nothing to speak of, you know; but she's been lying here all winter, and—er—I had a fancy to clean house—"

"Then—all these things are—yours?"



From "The Chaperon."

KARL ANDERSON

Copyright, 1908, by The McClure Company.

"WE WERE CALLED UPON TO PART WITH ALMOST ALL THE GULDEN."

"Some of the things—"

"The Dutch clock, the deck-chairs, the silk cushions, the curtains, and decorations in the cabin—"

"I'm afraid you think I'm an awful meddler; but, you see, I didn't know. Paasma told me he had a right to let the boat, and that I could do her up as much as I liked."

"The old wretch!" I gasped. "And you walk on board to find two strange girls rummaging among your—your—?" Then I couldn't help laughing when I remembered how Phil had suggested our keeping those things for souvenirs."

WE SHALL BE RAPHAEL'S CHERUBS.

From Randolph's "Jeannie's Journal." (Bennell, Silver & Co.)

TUESDAY, Oct. 29th.

We had a meeting this afternoon in Suzanne Rogers' room to plan about the tableaux.

Minnie and I were awfully disappointed when we heard we weren't going to have fancy costumes, but just go low neck and short-sleeved, in draped material, as Raphael's Cherubs, and only show to our waists. It wouldn't be any fun to have our pictures taken that way.

Suzanne, Mai Belle and Madge are to be the "Three Graces."



From "My High School Days,"
H. M. Caldwell Company.

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THE RECORDS.

Fatty Kate is to be the "Sleeping Beauty," on account of her hair. I will say that for Fatty, she has the loveliest hair I ever saw. She is going to lie on a couch with her eyes closed, and her long golden locks hanging all around her.

Annie will be the Prince. She is to wear a boy's suit with white satin trousers and a long light-blue coat to cover them.

The Willson Twins are to be the "Babes in the Wood." I know they will make a lovely picture, they are so pretty.

"Paul and Virginia running before the storm" will be Joy and Annie. Annie will wear the same costume as the Prince, only the Paul in the real picture hasn't so many clothes on.

The last picture Joy made up. It will be a Queen sitting on a throne, with all her ladies in waiting around her. Julia Southwick will be Queen, and sixteen of us girls will be dressed in our best dresses, and have long trains of different colored alpaca pinned on in the back. Each will wear a silver paper crown, and Julia's will be gold.

I think it will make a pretty picture and not a bit royal looking, but Julia wanted to be Queen, and that was the only way Joy could arrange it.

The tableaux will be a complimentary affair. The professor and some of the students are invited. I do hope "The Boy" will come. I have not seen "The Boy" for some time.

THE DREAM OF THE SUPPOSED HALF-BREED.

From Rex Beach's "The Barrier." (Harper.)

THE soldier was steeped in this sweet, grave melancholy, when a knock came at his door, and he arose to find Necia herself there, excited and radiant. She came in without sign of embarrassment or slightest consciousness of the possible impropriety of her act.

"The most wonderful thing has happened," she began at once, when she found they were alone. "You'll faint for joy."

"What is it?"

"Nobody knows except father and Poleon and the two new men—"

"What is it?"

"I teased the news out of mother, and then came right here."

He laughed. "But what—may I ask—"

"Lee has made a strike—a wonderful strike—richer than the Klondike."

"So? The old man's luck has changed. I'm right glad of that," said the soldier.

"I came as fast as I could, because to-morrow everybody will know about it, and it will be too late."

"Too late for what?"

"For us to get in on it, of course. Oh, but won't there be a stampede! Why, all the people bound for Dawson on the next boat will pile off here, then the news will go up-river and down-river, and thousands of others will come pouring in from everywhere, and this will be a city. Then we will stake our town lots and sell them for ever so much money, and go around with our noses in the air, and they will say to each other:

"Who is that beautiful lady with the fine clothes?" and somebody will answer:

"Why that is Miss Necia Gale, the mine-owner." And then *you* will come along, and they will say:

"That is Lieutenant Burrell, the millionaire, and—"

"Hold on! hold on!" said the soldier, stopping her breathless patter. "Tell me all about this."

"Well, 'No Creek' came in this morning to tell dad and Poleon. Then the boat arrived with an old friend of Lee's, a Mr. Stark, so Lee told him, too, and now they've all gone back to his creek to stake more claims. They slipped away quietly to prevent suspicion, but I knew there was something up from the way Poleon acted, so I made Alluna tell me all about it. They haven't more than two hours start of us, and we can overtake them easily."

"We! Why, we are not going."

"Yes, we are," she insisted, impatiently—"you and I. That's why I came, so you can get a mine for yourself and be a rich man, and so you can help me get one. I know the way. Hurry up!"

"No," said he, in as firm a tone as he could command. "In the first place, these men don't like me, and they don't want me to share in this."

"What do you care?"

"In the second place, I'm not a miner. I don't know how to proceed."

"Never mind; I do. I've heard nothing but mining all my life."

THE HILARYS, FATHER AND SON.*From "Mr. Crewe's Career." (Macmillan.)*

"GAYLORD didn't send for me," answered Austen, quietly, "and I have no business dealings with him except small suits. What I did tell him was that he would never get the bill through this session or next by lobbying."

The Honorable Hilary never showed surprise. He emitted a grunt which evinced at once impatience and amusement.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Well, Judge, I'll tell you what I told him—although you both know. It's because the Northeastern owns the Republican party machine, which is the lobby, and because most of the twenty State senators are dependent upon the Northeastern for future favors."

"Did you tell Tom Gaylord that?" demanded Mr. Vane. "What did he say?"

"He said he knew about Number Seven as well as I did."

Austen went towards his father appealingly.

"Judge," he said, "you sent for me. You have asked me questions which I felt obliged in honesty to answer. God knows I don't wish to differ with you, but circumstances seem always against us. I will talk plainly, if you will let me. I try to look at things from your point of view. I know that you believe that a political system should go hand in hand with the great commercial system which you are engaged in building. I disagree with your beliefs, but I do not think that your pursuit of them has not been sincere, and justified by your conscience. I suppose that you sent for me to know whether Mr. Gaylord has employed me to lobby for his bill. He has not, because I refused that employment. But I will tell you that, in my opinion, if a man of any ability whatever should get up on the floor of the House and make an argument for the Pingsquit bill, the sentiment against the Northeastern and its political power is so great that the House would compel the committee to report the bill, and pass it. You probably know this already, but I mention it for your own good if you do not, in the hope that, through you, the Northeastern Railroads may be induced to relax their grip upon the government of this State."

"Did you tell Gaylord this?" he asked.

"No," he said, "I reserved the opinion, whatever it is worth, for your ears alone."

"I've heard that kind of calculation before," said the Honorable Hilary. "My experience is that they never come to much. As for this nonsense about the Northeastern Railroads runnings things," he added more vigorously, "I guess when it's once in a man's head there's no getting it out. The railroad employs the best lawyers it can find to look after its interests. I'm one of 'em, and I'm proud of it. If I hadn't been one of 'em, the chances are you'd never be where you are, that you'd never have gone to college and the law school. The Republican party realizes that the Northeastern is most vitally connected with the material interests of this State; that the prosperity of the road means the prosperity of the State. And the leaders of the party protect the road from vindictive assaults on it like Gaylord's, and from scatterbrains and agitators like your friend Redbrook."



From "Mr. Crewe's Career."

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"I CAN MAKE YOU GOVERNOR OF THIS STATE."

"It's no use, Judge," Austen said. "If material prosperity alone were to be considered, your contention would have some weight. The perpetuation of the principle of American government has to be thought of. Government by a railroad will lead in the end to anarchy. You are courting destruction as it is."

"If you came in here to quote your confounded Emerson—" the Honorable Hilary began, but Austen slipped around the table and took him by the arm and led him perforce to his chair.

"No, Judge, that isn't Emerson," he answered. "It's just common sense, only it sounds to you like drivel. I'm going now—unless you want to hear some more about the plots I've been getting into. But I want to say this. I ask you to remember that you're my father, and that—I'm fond of you. And that, if you and I happen to be on opposite sides, it won't make any difference as far as my feelings are concerned. I'm always ready to tell you frankly what I'm doing, if you wish to know. Good-by. I suppose I'll see you in Ripton at the end of the week." And he pressed his father's shoulder.

Mr. Vane looked up at his son with a curious expression. Perhaps there was a smat-

tering of admiration and pride in that look, and something of an affection which had long ceased in its strivings for utterance. It was the unconscious tribute, too—slight as was its exhibition—of the man whose life has been spent in the conquest of material things to the man who has the audacity, insensate, though it seem, to fling these to the winds in his search after ideals.

"Good-by, Austen," said Mr. Vane.

ONE OF QUEEN WILHELMINA'S HOMES.

From Higginbotham's "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium." (Reilly & Britton Co.)

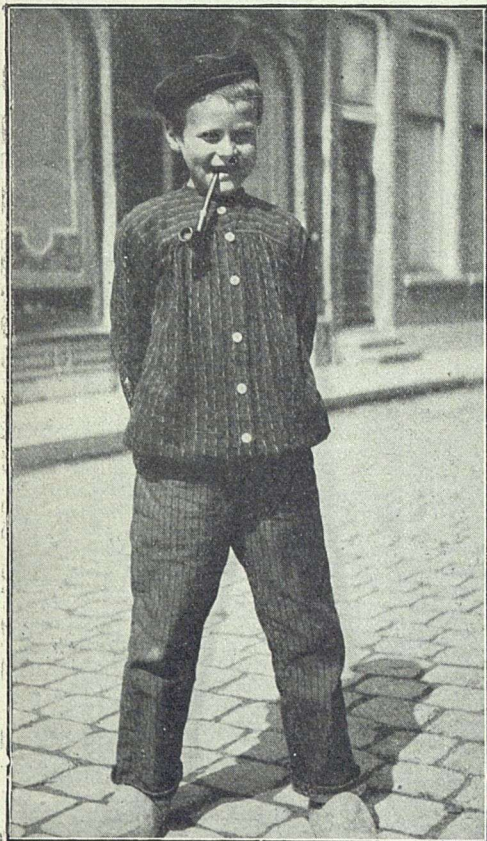
THE exterior of the House in the Woods is a distinct disappointment. But wait! Once across the threshold you are in wonderland. Most of the furnishings are gifts to Holland's beloved queen. In the dining-room is a magnificent gold-embroidered screen of Chinese workmanship. Once there were blended with the gold in its design pearl-like beads. But alas! these pearls were placed before tourists, who turned and rended that screen until there is scarcely one left. And those that still remain are double-stitched. I tried them.

The Orange Room where the Peace Committee meets between wars, is in this House, and is enchanting. The double doors opening into it have figures of Hercules and Minerva on the panels, typifying Strength and Wisdom opening the door of Peace, or closing it, as the case may be. The room is octagonal, and every square foot of wall and ceiling is covered with allegorical pictures representing the life of Frederick Henry, son of William the Silent. The paintings were made by order of his widow, Amalia of Solms, and executed by fifty pupils of Rubens. The posthumous birth is shown with the dark figure of his father watching from the other shore. On the opposite wall, the vices and dangers of youth are graphically symbolized.

There is a Chinese room furnished by that government in oriental manner. The Japanese have given the furnishings of a quaint apartment. Its ceiling is in black and white plaster with rice paper on the walls, and a unique chandelier, each taper of which is formed by an inverted saucer holding a dainty teacup. Magnificent cloisonné vases decorate the sides, and a beautifully carved cabinet stands against one wall. The Hollanders won the confidence and friendship of these oriental countries centuries before they opened their ports to any other nation. Americans rejoice to see an excellent portrait of Motley given a prominent place in the room where he wrote of Holland and her brave struggle for liberty. His picture was painted especially for Wilhelmina, who has a strong admiration for Holland's American historian.

Two delightful marbles are in this room. They represent a sleeping and a playing infant. Last but not least in its attractiveness is a miracle in mosaic, a flower-piece which needs microscopic examination to distinguish it from the most delicate painting.

We return home in a slight shower, which hardly penetrates the foliage of the woods, and again murmur, "Blessed is the country of short distances."



From "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium." Copyright, 1908, by Reilly & Britton Co.

WELCOME TO HOLLAND.

INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES.

From Christian Reid's "Princess Nadine." (Putnam.)

"TELL me something more of this Russo-American princess. She interests me."

"She interests many men, my dear fellow," Despard returned, "but one might as well be interested in a bright particular star, and all the rest of it, as in Princess Nadine Zorokoff."

Leighton's square jaw set itself a little more squarely. "Why?" he asked.

"She's an enchanting creature, the princess," Despard remarked enthusiastically, as they drove away from the reviewing stand.

"What does she spring from?" Leighton asked practically. "When I observed a little while ago that she interested me, I was thinking of her chiefly as a study in heredity."

"Oh!"—Despard's smile was broad—"a study in heredity."

"Exactly. Hasn't it ever occurred to you to wonder what will be the result in another generation of the international marriage of which one hears so much nowadays?"

"The
'exchange of fatted steers
Chicago pig, and eligible peers.'"

Despard quoted. "I can't say that I have ever speculated much on that particular result, though it certainly opens a wide field for conjecture when one thinks of all we are told about inherited instincts and tendencies."

"So wide a field," Leighton said, "that it has often struck me that such a combination as the blood of an ancient aristocracy and that of a new, crude, vigorous plutocracy ought to produce something rather uncommon—and perhaps interesting."

"Well, now you see that it has. No one can deny that Princess Nadine is both uncommon and interesting. And her antecedents are as picturesque as herself. On one side a long line of Russian boyars—for the Zorokoffs are of the ancient princely families of Russia—and on the other a miner's pick rampant—"

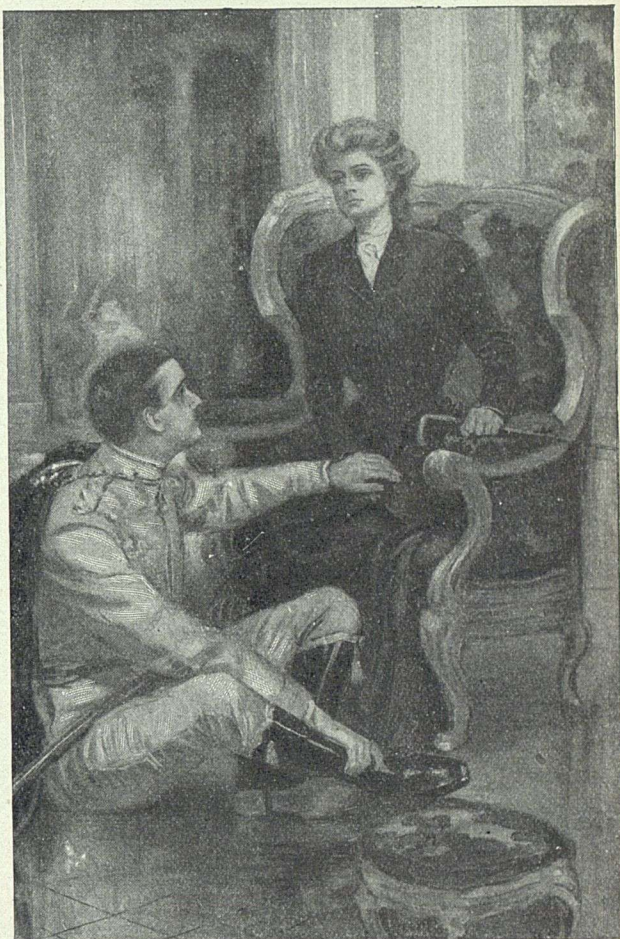
"Be less picturesque yourself, and more explicit."

But Despard went on in his own way. "International marriages weren't as common twenty years ago as they are now," he said, "and it was the sensation of the day when Prince Zorokoff, famous for his great estates and greater debts—he was the most notorious gambler in Europe—married Miss Wentworth, only child and heiress of the bonanza king—"

"What!" The energy of Leighton's exclamation was almost dynamic. "Do you mean that this girl is the granddaughter of old Dick Wentworth, the California miner—the most daring, resourceful, and unscrupulous of the whole bonanza set?"

Despard nodded. "That's what she is," he said. "Odd, isn't it?"

"Odd!" Leighton paused, as if words were



From "The Princess Dehra."

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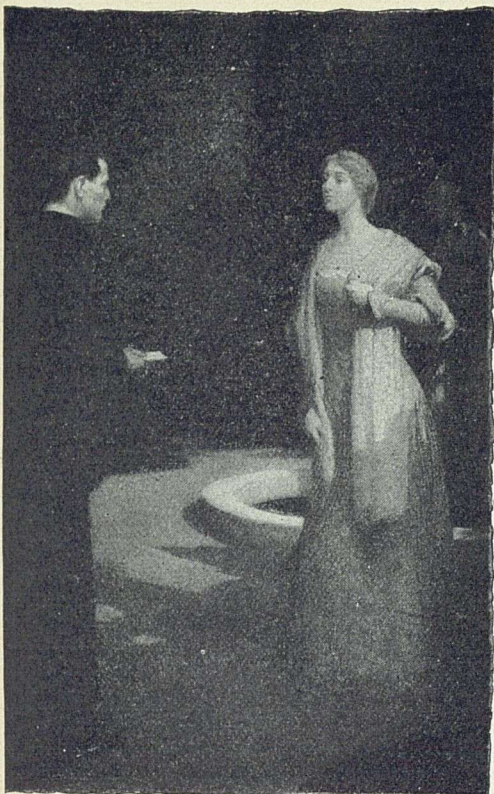
THE KING DIDN'T SPEAK A SINGLE WORD ON
SUCH A MATTER.

difficult to find. "It's astounding! No speculation on possible combinations and results of the international marriage could imagine anything more extraordinary than a descendant of Russian boyars on one side and 'Lucky Dick' on the other."

"There's no trace of 'Lucky Dick' about the princess," Despard assured him. "Only the boyars are in evidence."

Leighton shook his head. "Don't you believe it!" he said. "Lucky Dick was far too vigorous a personality to be effaced by any number of boyars."

"By Jove!" Despard's burst of laughter made Luigi, the handsome charioteer, turn



From "Princess Nadine." Copyright, 1908, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"HAVE YOU THOUGHT WELL, WHAT IT REPRESENTS FOR YOU?"

his head to see what amused the signores so much. "California miner and Russian princes fighting it out in Princess Nadine! What would Mrs. Wentworth say to such blasphemy!"

"Who is Mrs. Wentworth?"

"Widow of the late bonanza king. And by the by, here comes in some more good blood to offset—er—'Lucky Dick'. It seems that fortunate person wisely waited to marry until he had money enough to induce a gentlewoman to accept him. Mrs. Wentworth belonged to an aristocratic old Southern family. She has the appearance and manners of a grand duchess, is haughty, exclusive, *plus royaliste que le roi*, as most Americans become over here, you know—effect of American institutions, we may presume—and altogether an ideal chaperon for her beautiful granddaughter."

"The princess's parents are not living?"

"No. Both are dead; and as their only child she has inherited Russian estates and American millions. She is one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, and her grandmother's ambition for her doesn't stop short of a throne."

VESTED RIGHTS IN DEHRA.

From Scott's "Princess Dehra." (Lippincott.)

"THE ritual, Epping, the ritual," the Princess cried, and caught up the sword she had tossed aside to rescue the Book—then gasped

in wondering fear, as the old Count raised his hand and shook his head.

"Wait," he said; "there is another decree that comes before the ritual. Attend!"

"Section one hundred thirty-second.—Whereas, for the first time in a thousand years the Dalberg has no son: It is hereby decreed that the succession as Head of the House of Dalberg, and ipso facto, to the Crown of Valeria, together with all their hereditary titles, powers, possessions and privileges, shall be vested in our only child and daughter, Dehra, Princess Royal of Valeria. And all and every decree conflicting therewith is hereby specifically revoked and annulled."

And now the swords were up again, and the Archduke's with them, and the wild huzza roared through the palace and far into the park; and Bernheim and Moore, coming down the corridor, dashed into the library and stopped, amazed; then joined in, knowing that it must mean victory.

But Dehra, herself, pale faced, tear-eyed and trembling, had turned and flung her arms around Armand's neck.

"It's wrong dear, it's wrong!" she cried; "you are the King—you are the Dalberg."

"No, sweetheart, it is right," he said, releasing her arms, and bowing over her hand until his lips touched it. "Praise God, it is right."

Then he stepped back and held his sword above her head; and all the others sprang to meet it, and locked there, a canopy of steel.

"Valeria hails the head of the House of Dalberg as the Queen!" he cried.

And from every throat came back the answer:

"We hail the Dalberg Queen!"

And now the trembling had passed; she looked up at the swords proudly, and stretching out her hand she touched them one by one; but touching Armand's last—and her eyes sought his, and over her face broke the adorable smile, and she drew down his blade, and kissed it.

"Hail, also, to the King!" she said; "your King and mine, my lords—the King that is to be!"

HORSE AGAINST HORSE.

From Kramer's "The Castle of Dawn." (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.)

"WE mustn't be taken. We can beat them."

"But if they shoot?"

"They can't hit us as long as they ride like that. I'll take the chance!"

"Then give the whip!" he replied.

Simultaneously both lashes fell, and the horses answered. This action was sufficient reply to the command hurled across the angle, and the leader raised his rifle from where it had been lying across his knees and fired. But accurate shooting was impossible under the circumstances, and they did not even hear the bullet whistle.

"I can't have you take the risk! We'd better give in!"

For answer, her riding whip rose and fell twice, and when she glanced back at him there was a smile on her lips, though her face was pale. Then they thundered past the forks and went pounding down the stem of the "Y" with a hundred yards' lead.

"We'll win!" Her voice rang exultantly.

Crack! Crack! Enraged at the refusal to

surrender, the pursuers were firing again, and both heard the deadly whine of the bullets as they passed. The leader reached the intersection and came flying along in the rear. Phil turned in the saddle just in time to see the rifle again spurt flame. A wild scream of pain came from the girl's horse, and only the skill of the rider kept the beast from plunging to its knees.

"He's hit!" she cried.

However, the sting of the bullet seemed to goad the animal to renewed exertions, and, recovering itself after the first wavering, it thundered on with greater speed. But Phil saw it suddenly stagger, and he realized that it would drop in a moment. Lashing his own horse, he dashed forward, galloped alongside the staggering, dying animal, and then, leaning toward the girl, he clasped her about the waist.

"Let go! Quick!" he commanded.

She obeyed, and he swept her from the saddle just as her horse plunged forward into the dust. His own mount swerved slightly as the added weight dragged it to one side, but the man swung the girl quickly to the saddle in front of him, where she crouched, clutching the horse's mane, and with Phil's arm holding her steady.

For an instant she looked up into his eyes, but she spoke no word, and the man, too, was silent. Perhaps the arm that supported her drew a trifle closer than was necessary, but it was only momentarily. Mercilessly he lashed the horse, and nobly the animal responded to the goad, but only for a short time. The double burden was too much for the tired beast, and its pace slackened. No more firing came, but when Phil looked back he saw that the leader had shortened the gap. Phil lifted himself back over the saddle cantle.

"Take the saddle—astride—quick!" he whispered.

A wave of red stole the pallor from her cheeks, but she obeyed. The man's arm still held her, and suddenly she found herself drawn to him in a close embrace, and his lips touched hers.

"Forgive me!" he whispered. "Give me the whip! I'll try to stop these fellows!"

"No, no!" she screamed, as she felt him slipping from the horse. "You must not do that, Phil!"

BEHIND HALF-BROKEN BRONCHOS.

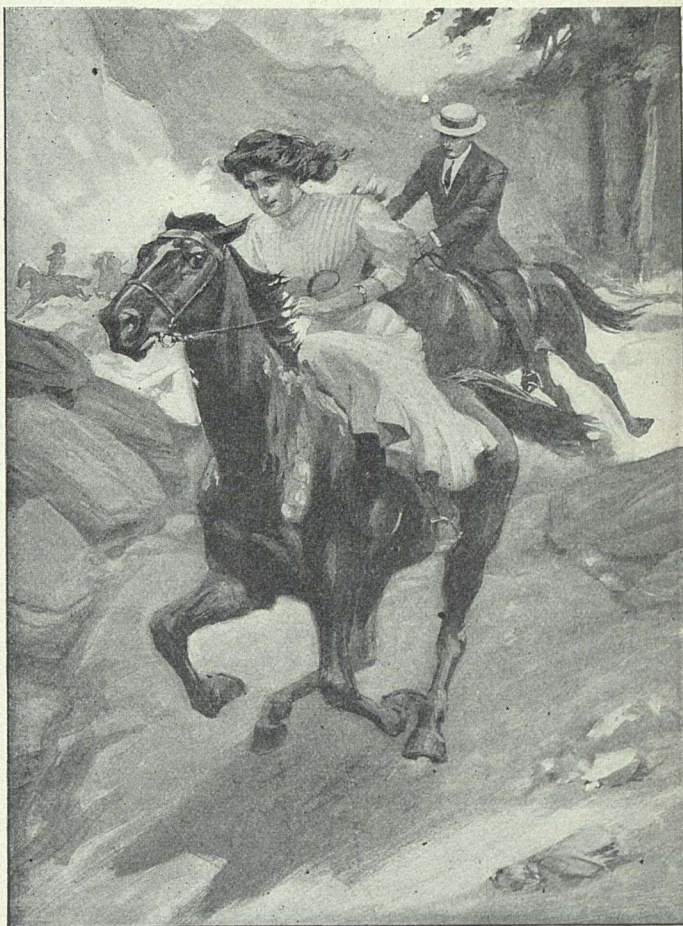
From Conner's "The Doctor." (Revell.)

"Be aisy now, ye little divils. Sure ye'd think it wuz the ould Nick himself ye're dodgin'."

Thus Tommy Tate, teamster along the Tote road between the MacLennan camps, admonished his half-broken bronchos.

"Stiddy now. The saints be good t'us! Will we iver git down this hill alive? Hould back, will yez? There, now. The saints be praised! that's over. How are ye now, Scotty? If ye're alive, kick me fut. Hivin be praised! He's there yit," said Tommy to himself. "We're on the dump now, Scotty, an' we won't be long, me bhoy, till we see the lights av Swipey's saloon. Git along there, will ye!"

The bronchos after their fifteen-mile drive along the unspeakable bush roads, finding the smooth surface of the railway grade beneath their feet, set off at a good lope. It was now quite dark. The snow was driving bitterly in Tommy's face, but that stout little Irishman cared nothing for himself. His concern was for the man lying under the buffalo



From "The Castle of Dawn."

Copyright, 1908, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

BOTH LASHES FELL, AND THE HORSES ANSWERED.

robes in the sleigh. Mile after mile the bronchos kept up their tireless lope, encouraged by the cheery admonitions and the cracking whip of their driver.

"Begob, but it's cowld enough to freeze the tail aff a brass monkey. I'll jist be afther givin' the lad a taste."

He tied the reins to the seat, gave his bronchos a parting lash, took a flask from his pocket, and got down on his knees beside the sick man.

"Here, Scotty, he said coaxingly, "take another taste. It'll put life into ye." The sick man tried to swallow once, twice, choked hard, then he shook his head. "Now, God be merciful! an' can't ye swally at all? An' the good stuff it is, too! Thry once more, Scotty, darlin'. Ye'll need it an' we're not far aff now." Once more the sick man made a desperate effort. He got a little of the whiskey down, then turned away his head. The tender-hearted little Irishman covered him over carefully and climbed into his seat. "He couldn't swally it," he said to himself in an awed voice, putting the flask to his own

lips. "Begorra, an' it's near the Kingdom he must be!" To Tommy it appeared an infallible sign of approaching dissolution that a man should reject the contents of his flask. He gave himself to the business of getting out of the bronchos all the speed they had. "Come on, now, me bhoys!" he shouted through the gale, "what are we lookin' at? Sure, there's nothin' purtier than yerselves can be seen in the dark. Hut, there! Kick, wud ye? Take that, thin, an larn manners! Now ye're beginnin' to move! Hooray!"

So with voice and lash Tommy continued to urge his team till they came out into a clearing at the far end of which twinkled the lights of the new railroad town being built about Macleannan's Camp No. 1.

"Hivin be praised! we're there at iast. Begob it's meself that thought ye'd moved to the ind of nowhere. We're here, Scotty, me man. In ten howly minutes we'll have ye by the fire an' the docthor puttin' life into ye wid a spoon. Are ye there, Scotty?" But there was no movement in response. "Howly Mary! Give us a little more speed!" He stood up over his team, lashing and yelling till the tired beasts were going at full gallop. As he drew near the camp the sound of singing came on the driving wind. "Now the devil fly away wid the whiskey! It's pay day an' the camp's loose. God send, there's a quiet spot to be found near at hand!"

THE QUESTION BROUGHT HOME.

From Durham's "The Call of the South."
(L. C. Page & Co.)

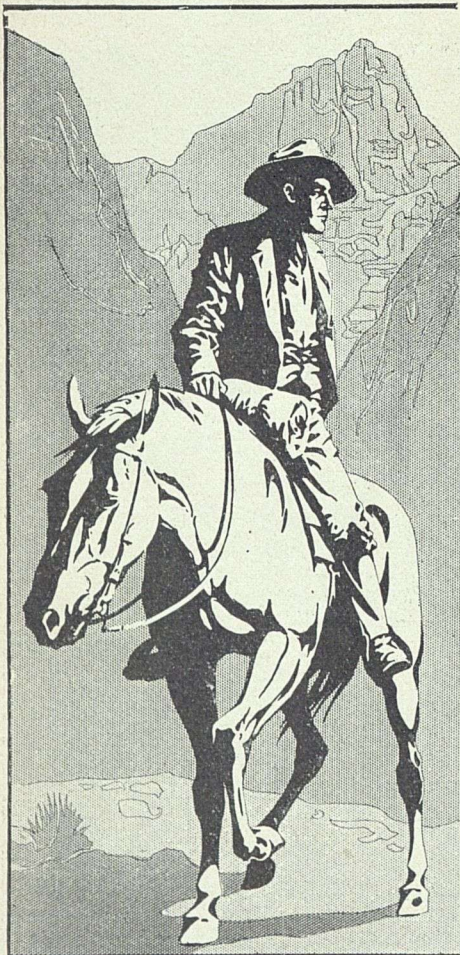
THREE minutes before, they had seen the President's daughter Helen and Harry Lodge turn a corner in the hall and pass round behind some of the overflowing greenery which almost shut off a side entrance. Lodge was as intent upon the pursuit of Helen as Rutledge of Elise, and was making more of his opportunities. Helen was welcoming any excitement that carried her out of herself. With Lodge's pushfulness and her indifference to consequences, it did not take long to bring the issue to a point. From her manner Harry did not gather the faintest idea of losing. She listened to his speeches with a smile which was not in the least false but none the less deceiving. She did not offer the slightest objection to his wooing nor put the smallest obstruction in the way of it.

"—And will you be my wife?" he asked, with his arm already half about her.

"No," Helen answered dispassionately, drawing herself back from him as if his meaning were but just now made clear to her: but that "no" came too late.

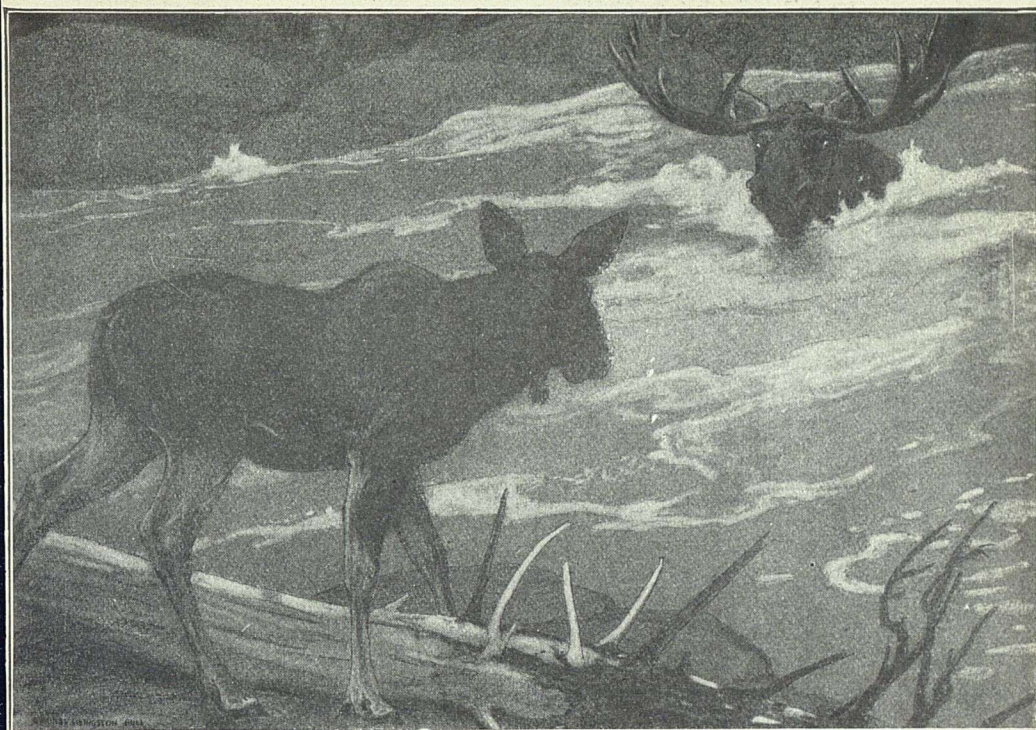
A pair of eyes in which the lightnings had gathered and gone wild had looked upon the whole of this tender scene except the last moments of it. Hayward Graham, the footman, felt the devils in the blood of all his ancestors white and black cry to be uncaged as he looked upon Lodge in his ecstasy of love-making, and when Lodge took Helen's hand and it was not withdrawn, the devils broke the bars.

"So," cried Hayward in his soul, "it's for



From "The Doctor." Copyright, 1906, by Fleming H. Revell Co.

THE DOCTOR.



From "In the Woods and on the Shore."

Copyright, 1908, by L. C. Page & Co.

MOOSE FROLICKING.

you—to resign her to your arms—that I am asked to die! No! If I may not possess her, not *you*, you hound!"

A door was wrenched open and Lodge had only time to straighten himself before he was knocked senseless by the infuriated husband.

Hayward drew himself up, terrible, before his wife, and Helen in the moment of recognition threw herself into his arms with a glad cry.

"Oh, you have come at last!" she moaned. "You got my letter at last and have come to me!"

"No. What letter?" asked Hayward—but as he asked it Helen was pushing herself from him as savagely as she freely had thrown herself to him. Her ear had caught the sound of people approaching. Hayward was too confused to notice that. He was in consternation at the lightning change from love to aversion, and clung to her desperately.

A second later he was lying prone upon the floor with Evans Rutledge standing above him, murder in his eyes. He made a wild attempt to rise, when another terrific blow from Rutledge's arm sent him again to the floor. The hall was in an uproar, and a couple of palms were knocked aside as the President burst into the midst of the mêlée in time to restrain another smash from Rutledge's clenched fist.

"In the name of God, what's the row?" he asked.

"This nigger has assaulted Miss Helen," said Rutledge, gasping and choking with fury.

Mr. Phillips trembled with a fearful passion, but, seeing Helen apparently unhurt, pulled himself down to a terrible quiet.

"Get up," he growled to Hayward. "Now"—when the footman was on his feet—"what have you to say for yourself?"

Hayward looked for the hundredth part of a second in Helen's eyes.

"I have no excuse," he answered simply.

Only silence could greet such an admission. For five seconds the silence and the stillness were torturing.

As President Phillips moved to speak, Helen took two quick steps to the negro's side. His renunciation, his silent, unhesitating committal of the issue—of his life—to her decision, had touched her heart.

"I am his wife," she said, as she took his hand and turned to face the circle of her friends.

MENTAL SUGGESTION.

From "Some Ladies in Haste," (Appleton.)

"I WENT," said Manners, "because I was smoking too much. I tried to break off—found it hard, got several kinds of fidgets, and then it occurred to me that it would be easier for somebody else to take the trouble to cure me than for me to bother about curing myself. Of course I'd heard of Dr. Duncan. Everybody has. Even you have, haven't you?"

"Of course," muttered Kelvin, who had heard nothing of the sort.

"Well, I'd read something about the treatment of disease by hypnotism and mental suggestion. Everybody is discussing it these days, though it's an old story in Europe, where the most celebrated scientists have been for years reporting marvellous discoveries and amazing cures. You know how it's been here in America; fear of ridicule and hidebound professional conservatism have prevented our physicians from experimenting or attempting to practice it. Duncan is the only eminent man in his profession who has been brave enough to take it up. Be patient, Eric; I'm coming to your case presently."

"What do you mean by *my* case?" demanded Kelvin. "What have I to do with this dinky affair?"

"Dr. Duncan has worked miracles in mental suggestion. He has cured the intemperate, he has corrected the moral equilibrium, made bad people good, restored to sanity the mentally stricken. Think of that, Eric!"

"I am. What of it?"

"This, that, although he performs modern mysteries and miraculous marvels, his magic is purely scientific; he reasons coolly; he operates with nothing more occult than common sense. Clear, cold reason is Duncan's only assistant. There's no use of anybody

shouting 'Mountebank!' at him; he's one of the most widely known and most highly respected physicians in active practice. He not only cured me of that vile habit of smoking, which I notice you still indulge in, but he did it by absent treatment."

"You mean he sat in his office and worked a sort of mental rabbit foot on you?—a kind of hoodoo on your smoking while you went about town on your own affairs?"

"Exactly. I, as you say, strolled about, not concerning myself with any part of the treatment, but in a day or two I began to find that I didn't like to smoke. That's what he did to me."

"By just—just thinking about you at so much a think?" asked Kelvin flippantly.

"Precisely. And I was so pleased that I took another course from him. That was where trouble began. I had him treat me for mental vacuity. And look at me now! Why, Eric, my head is full of thoughts—simply swarming with all kinds of bright ideas."

"You mean to say that he did this for you?" jeered Kelvin, unconvinced.

"He certainly did," said Manners modestly. "The first thing I noticed I began to exhibit faint traces of intelligence. About a fortnight later I had incubated and hatched an original idea, and, when I had found that an idea or two relieved the pressure on the mental vacuum, I began to wonder about all that business of thought transmission and mental influence, the same old thing that has been thrashed out by everybody—even by you, it appears." "Same old thing," he said apologetically, but vitally interesting to me because I'd just been treated. So I got some of Duncan's books and read 'em; thought a little, went and got some more books; thought a little more, went to Columbia University to hear some lectures

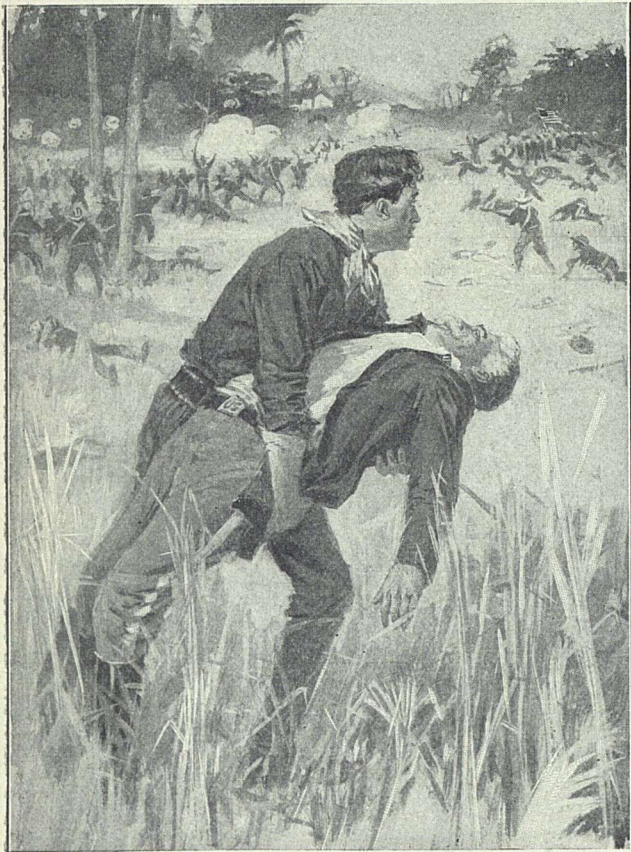
"You!"—in derision.

"Ya-as. And one day, sitting in this same foolish club window, the knob of my stick under my chin, I began to wonder whether I couldn't do a few stunts myself—particularly in that matter of mental influence exercised upon somebody at a distance. I thought what a help I might be to you, for example."

"I tried it—on several people—various things on various people!"

"Friends?"

"Some were fellows I knew, some were strangers, pretty girls."



From "The Call of the South."

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"CARRIED HIM FOR FORTY YARDS OR MORE THROUGH THE HURRICANE OF LEAD."

THE MAN AND THE GIRL WERE PAST-MASTERS.

From Richard Harding Davis' "Vera, the Medium."
(Scribner.)

"Miss VERA, sir, and Professor Vance."

Although but lately established in New York, the persons Dr. Rainey introduced had already made themselves comparatively well known. For the last six weeks as "headliners" at one of the vaudeville theatres, and as entertainers at private houses, under the firm name of "The Vances," they had been giving an exhibition of code and cipher signalling. They called it mind-reading. During the day at the house of Vance and his wife, the girl, as "Vera, the Medium," furnished to all comers memories of the past or news of the future. In their profession, in all of its branches, the man and the girl were past masters. They knew it from the A, B, C of the dream book to the post-graduate work of projecting from a cabinet the spirits of the dead. As the occasion offered and paid best, they were mind readers, clairvoyants, materializing mediums, test-mediums. From them, a pack of cards, a crystal globe, the lines of the human hand, held no secrets. They found lost articles, cast horoscopes, gave advice in affairs of the heart, of business and speculation, uttered warnings of journeys over seas, and against a smooth-shaven stranger. They even stooped to foretell earthquakes, or caused to drop fluttering from the ceiling, a letter straight from the Himalayas. Among those who are the gypsies of the cities, they were the aristocrats of their calling; and to them that calling was as legitimate a business as is, to the roadside gypsy, the swapping of horses. The fore-parents of each had followed that same calling, and to the children it was commonplace and matter-of-fact. It held no adventure, no moral obloquy.

... Vera now was twenty-one, tall, wonderfully graceful and of the most enchanting loveliness. Her education had been cosmopolitan. In the largest cities of America she had met persons of every class; young women, old women, mothers with married sons and daughters, women of society as it is exploited in the Sunday supplements; school-girls, shop-girls, factory-girls—all had told her their troubles; and men of every condition had come to scoff and had remained to express, more or less offensively, their ad-

miration. Some of the younger of these, after a first visit, returned the day following and each begged the beautiful priestess of the occult to fly with him, to live with him, to marry him. When this happened Vera would touch a button, and "Mannie" Day, who admitted visitors, and later, in the hall, searched their hats and umbrellas for initials, came on the run, and threw the infatuated



From "Vera, the Medium."

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VERA, IN A HUSHED, SOLEMN VOICE, CALLED FOR SILENCE.

one out upon a cold and unfeeling sidewalk.

So Vera had seen both the seamy side of life, and, in the drawing-rooms where Vance and she exhibited their mind-reading tricks, had been made much of by great ladies and, for an hour as brief as Cinderella's, had looked upon a world of kind and well-bred people. Since she was fourteen, for seven years, this had been her life. A life as open to the public as the life of an actress, as easy of access as that of the stenographer in the hotel lobby. As a result, the girl had encased herself in a defensive armor of hardness and distrust, a protection which was rendered futile by the loveliness of her face, by the softness of her voice, by the deep, brooding eyes, and the fine forehead on which, like a crown, rested the black waves of her hair.

Vera was very beautiful!



From "The Career of a Journalist."

Copyright, 1908, by B. W. Dodge & Co.

HE LET GO AND BOLTED AFTER THE OFFICER.

"I WAS A YELLOW JOURNALIST."From Salisbury's "The Career of a Journalist."
(B. W. Dodge & Co.)

Mrs. Carrie Nation, of Kansas, was attracting much attention at this time. But her saloon-wrecking, thus far, had been confined to her own State. There she had invaded the demon Rum in his many lairs, time after time, and, with hatchet and club, had put him to flight. So the dispatches read. (It is always the demon Rum that haters of liquor attack. Temperance orators seldom mention any other kind of drink. Yet the only people I ever heard of who take rum are sailors, and perhaps even they do it only in fiction.)

When Mrs. Nation began her work, news—the kind the *American* wanted—was scarce in Chicago. Sensations were hard to find or to make. Mrs. Nation was the biggest sensation in the country. But she was out in Kansas, about eight hundred miles away. The *American* had printed many dispatches about her doings. Yet there was lacking the "concrete human interest," as someone remarked, that would be aroused if she were in Chicago.

A conference was held in the *American*

office one night, at which it was decided to encourage Mrs. Nation to come to Chicago.

A young woman of the reportorial staff was chosen for the work. She was told to go to Topeka, report the saloon wrecker's doings graphically, have a "heart-to-heart" talk with her, and tell her that the great city of Chicago was waiting to hear her message. The backing of the *American* was to be promised in all she undertook.

"We might as well have an advance story while we're about it," one member of the staff proposed. "Suppose we get up something about a brigade of women, armed with hatchets, on the way to wreck the saloons of Chicago?"

This idea was adopted. Two dozen postal-cards were typewritten. They were addressed to well-known saloon-keepers. The saloon-keepers were warned that the wrath of God was about to destroy their traffic. The signers, it was stated, were the agents of the Almighty in this work. The cards were signed:

THE CARRIE NATION
HATCHET HOME BRIGADE.

These cards were given to the young woman reporter. On her way to Topeka she was to get off at a little station in Iowa and post them.

Two days later there was great excitement in Chicago saloon circles. The *American* contained an exclusive story about it, with a facsimile of one of the warning cards. The other papers followed suit, unsuspecting. Then other stories were written upon the possible penalty for sending threatening messages through the mails. The Federal authorities were said to be investigating. The *American*, "always first in publishing the news," led all the others with this story. "The machinery of the law has been set in motion against the perpetrators," it stated.

When another day had passed, and the "Carrie Nation Hatchet Home Brigade" had not yet arrived, the *American* explained that its members had probably feared punishment for violating the postal laws, and had abandoned their project for the time.

But Carrie Nation herself was on the way. Accompanied by the *American's* feminine correspondent, she arrived in a few days, and an era of first-page sensations began.

THE LETTERS! WHERE ARE THEY?

From Oppenheim's "The Avenger." (Little, Brown & Co.)

A SHARP ejaculation broke from Wrayson's lips. Louise signed to him to be silent.

"Amy was with me when the letters came," Madame de Melbain continued. "She left at once for England to see this man. The sum he demanded was impossible. All that she could do was to ask for time, and to arrange to pay him so much a month whilst we were considering how to raise the money. He accepted this, and promised to keep silence. He kept his word, but for a time only. He made inquiries, and he seems to have come to the conclusion that the money was on the other side. At any rate, he approached the advisers of my husband: He was in treaty with them for the letters—when he—when he met with his death!"

"A rumor of this," Madame de Melbain continued, "reached us in Mexonia! I telegraphed to Amy! She and Louise were at their wits' ends. Louise decided to go and see this man Barnes, to make her way, if she could, into his flat, to search for and, if she could find them, to steal these letters. She carried out her purpose—or rather her attempted purpose. The rest you know, for it was you who saved her!"

"The man," Wrayson said hoarsely, "was murdered!"

"So I have understood," she remarked.

"He was murdered," Wrayson continued in a harsh, unnatural voice, "on that very night, the night when he was to have made over these letters to your—enemies! The message was telephoned to me! He was to go to the Hotel Francis. He was warned that there was danger. And there was! He was murdered—while the cab waited—to take him there!"

"The man who telephoned to me—Bentham his name was, the agent of your enemies—he, too, was murdered!"

"So I have heard," she said calmly.

"The letters!" he faltered. "Where are they?"

"No one knows," she answered. "That is why I live always on the brink of a volcano. Many people are searching for them. No one as yet has succeeded. But that may come at any moment."

"Madame," he said, "can you tell me who killed these men?"

She raised her eyebrows.

"I cannot," she answered coldly.

"Madame," he declared, "the man Barnes was a pitiful black-mailing little Jew! For all I know, he deserved death a dozen

times over—ay, and Bentham too! But the law does not look upon it like that. Whoever killed these men will assuredly be hanged if they are caught. Don't you think that your friends are a little too zealous?"

She met his gaze unflinchingly.

"If friends of mine have done these things," she said, "they are at least unknown to me!"

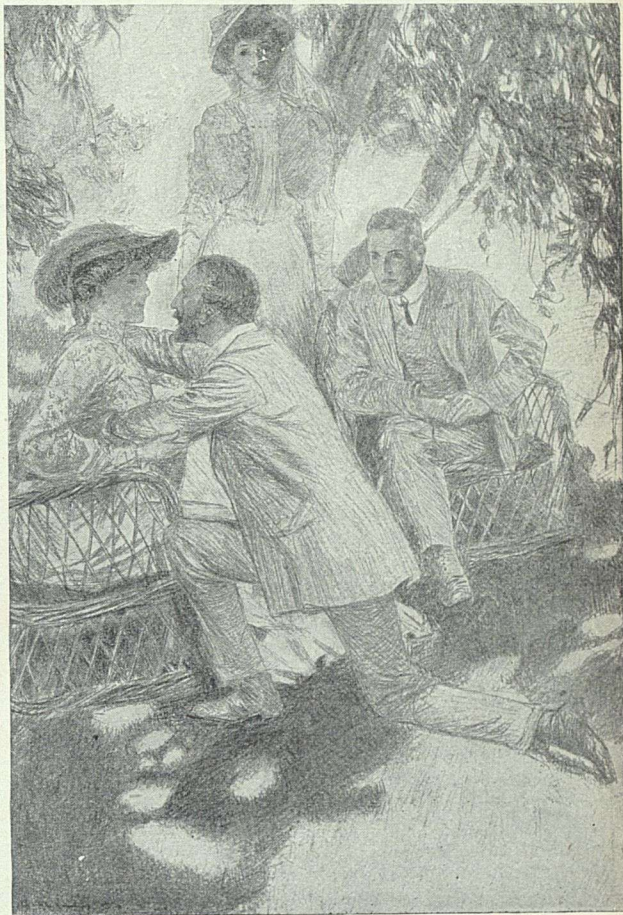
He drew a short choking breath of relief. Yet even now the mystery was deeper than ever! He began to think out loud.

"A friend of yours it must have been," he declared. "Barnes was murdered when in a few hours he would have parted with those letters to your enemies; Bentham was murdered when he was on the point of discovering them! There is some one working for you, guarding you, who desires to remain unknown. I wonder!"

He stopped short. A sudden illuminating idea flashed through his mind.

"This man Duncan who has disappeared so suddenly. Whom did you say—who was it he reminded you of?"

"He was killed," she cried. "It was not he. He is dead! Don't dare to speak of anything so horrible!"



From "The Avenger."

Copyright, 1908, by Little, Brown & Co.

"HE WAS THERE ON HIS KNEES, WITH HIS ARMS AROUND THE TERRIFIED WOMAN."

HE STOLE THE BONDS.

From Winfield's "The Rover Boys on the Farm."
(Grosset & Dunlap.)

PRESENTLY refreshments were announced, and the boys and girls paired off and entered the dining room. Here a long table was spread, decorated with autumn leaves and the Putnam Hall colors. There were six colored candles on the table, each with an elaborate red shade, and the general effect was warm and pleasing. There were plenty of good things to eat, including ice-cream frozen into all sorts of forms.

With the ice-cream came snapper bonbons, filled with all sorts of things made of paper, and soon one boy was wearing an apron, another a nightcap, and the like. Dora got a yellow jacket, and Nellie a baker's cap, while Grace skipped around wearing a poke hat over a foot high. There was plenty of laugh-

ter, and the old folks did not hesitate to join in. Nuts and raisins followed the ice-cream, and then the young folks went back to the sitting room and the parlor to finish their games and have some music.

"Dora, you must play for us," said Dick, and led her to the piano. Then, while some of the others gathered around the girl played "Waiting for the Wagon," "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," and a number of other favorites, and these the crowd sang lustily.

"Guess it is about time for us to leave," whispered Fred to Dick, presently. "I know you'll like to have Dora play all night for you, but it can't be done."

Dick looked at his watch.

"Phew! as late as this!" he exclaimed softly. "Yes, we'll have to go."

"Let us sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' suggested one of the boys, and Dora struck up the opening chords. They were in the midst

of the first verse when Dick chanced to glance towards one of the windows and stopped short.

A man was outside peering in at the party.

It was Merrick!

"Well, I never!" burst out the eldest Rover boy, and his sudden exclamation caused Dora to look at him curiously and stop playing.

"What is the matter, Dick?"

"Did you see that man at the window? He is gone now."

"I didn't see anybody."

"Who was it?" asked Tom, quickly.

"It was that rascal Merrick!"

"Merrick!" ejaculated Sam. "The fellow who took Uncle Randolph's bonds?"

"The same."

"Oh, Dick, you must be mistaken."

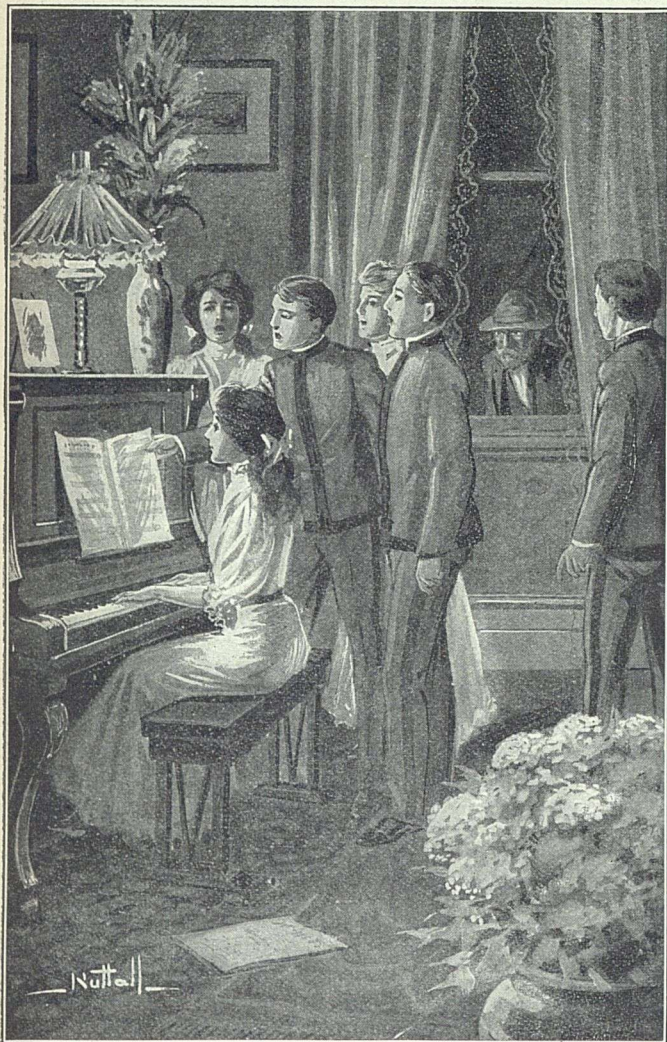
"I was not mistaken—I saw him as plain as day. I am going to look for him," added the eldest Rover, for the man had now disappeared.

He ran for the hall door, and the other boys followed. The girls remained in the parlor, much frightened, for it was after midnight.

As Dick reached the piazza he saw a dark form stealing along a row of bushes near the garden fence.

"There he is!" he exclaimed. "Stop, I tell you!"

"Who did you say it was?"



From "The Rover Boys on the Farm."

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A MAN WAS OUTSIDE PEERING IN AT THE PARTY.

A BEAVER HOUSE.

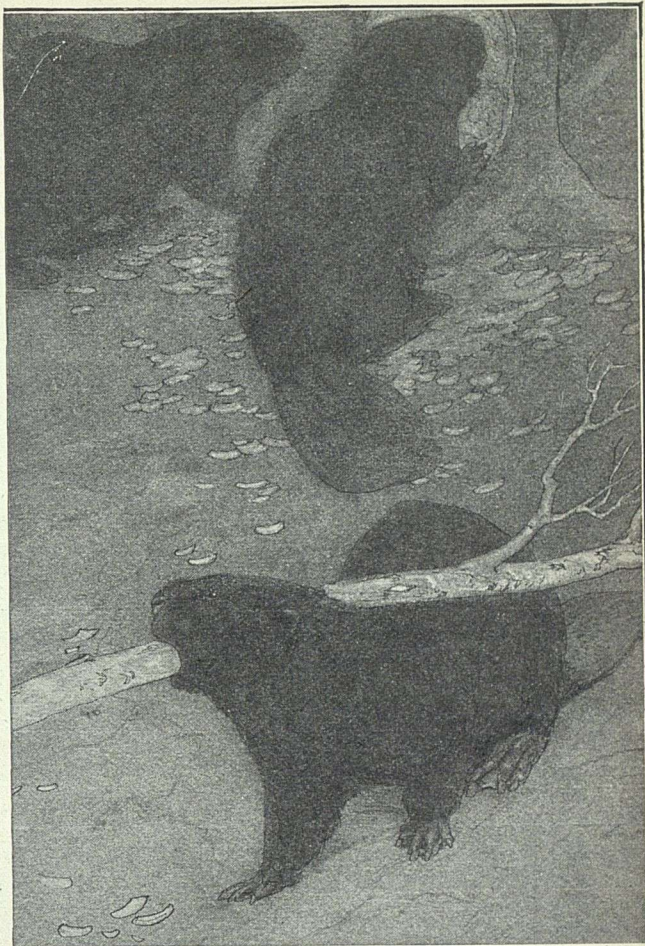
From Roberts' "The House in the Water." (Page.)

A BEAVER house, the first he had ever seen! His delighted eyes, observing it at this distance, at once pronounced it immeasurably superior to the finest and most pretentious muskrat-house he had ever seen—a very palace, indeed, by comparison. Then, a little further up the pond, and apparently adjoining the shore, he made out another dome-shaped structure, broader and less conspicuous than the first, and more like a mere pile of sticks. The pond, which was several acres in extent, seemed to him an extremely spacious domain for the dwellers in these two houses.

Presently he marked a black trail, as it were, moving down the middle of the radiance from the upper end of the pond. It was obviously the trail of some swimmer, but much too broad, it seemed, to be made by anything so small as a beaver. It puzzled him greatly. In his eagerness he pushed noiselessly forward, seeking a better view, till he was within some thirty feet of the dam. Then he made out a small dark spot in the front of the trail—evidently a beaver's head; and at last he detected that the little swimmer was carrying a bushy branch, one end held in his mouth while the rest was slung back diagonally across his shoulders.

The boy crept forward like a cat, his gray eyes shining with expectancy. His purpose was to gain a point where he could crouch in ambush behind the dam, and perhaps get a view of the lake-dwellers actually at work. He was within six or eight feet of the dam, crouching low (for the dam was not more than three feet in height), when his trained and cunning ear caught a soft swirling sound in the water on the other side of the barrier. Instantly he stiffened to a statue, just as he was, his mouth open so that not a pant of his quickened breath might be audible. The next moment the head of a beaver appeared over the edge of the dam, not ten feet away, and stared him straight in the face.

He saw the doubt in the beaver's eye fade gradually into confidence, as the little animal became convinced that the strange gray figure was in reality just one of the stumps. Then, the industrious dam-builder began to climb out upon the crest of the dam, dragging his huge and hairless tail, and glacing along as



From "A House in the Water."

Copyright, 1908, by L. C. Page & Co.

BUILDING THE HOUSE IN THE WATER.

if to determine where the stick which he carried would do most good. At this critical moment, when the eager watcher felt that he was just about to learn the exact methods of these wonderful architects of the wild, a stick in the slowly settling mud beneath his feet broke with a soft, thick-muffled snap.

So soft was the sound that it barely reached the Boy's ears. To the marvellously sensitive ears of the beaver, however, it was a warning more than sufficient. It was a noisy proclamation of peril. Swift as a wink of light, the beaver dropped his stick and dived head first into the pond. The Boy straightened up just in time to see him vanish. As he vanished, his broad, flat, naked tail hit the water with a cracking slap which resounded over the pond like a pistol-shot. It was echoed by four or five more splashes from the upper portion of the pond. Then all was silence again, and the Boy realized that there would be no more chance that night for him to watch the little people of the House in the Water. But he had had an experience long to be remembered.

ONE MORE BOND WITH JAPAN.

From Holder's "Big Game at Sea." (Outing Publishing Co.)

BUT suddenly, in the fall of 1904, a new game fish arrived at Catalina Island, Cal., a beautiful creature, an almost typical tuna, but not over sixty or seventy pounds in weight; a fish as trim and attractive as can be imagined.

It had the general shape of a tuna. The head was large, the back light olive green, in contradistinction to the blue-backed big tunas. The finlets, instead of pale yellow, as in the tuna, were a vivid lemon yellow; the side fins were a third longer than those of the typical tunas. The oldest inhabitant of the island, "Mexican Joe," who had been fishing its waters for twenty years, had never seen the fish, although the typical tuna has been known from the earliest times; indeed, I have found its bones in the mounds, showing that it was favorite game with the early inhabitants of the island.

The fish was new to me, and upon sending a photograph to Dr. Jordan, he wrote me that the fish was a most interesting visitor, or as he put it, "one more bond which bound us to Japan," or words to that effect. The fish hitherto had been known only in the ports of Japan and rarely at Honolulu, but never had been reported from American shores. It is known to science as *Germo macropterus*, and is a species of albacore, a cousin of the tuna.*

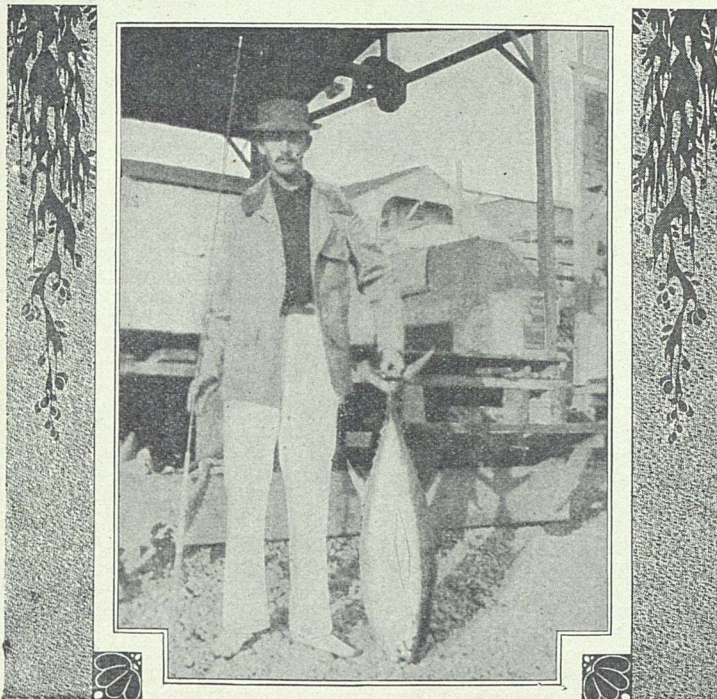
*Dr. Jordan now considers it a tuna. (*Thunnus macropterus*.)

Having no common name, I called it the Japanese Albacore, and by any other name it would have been just as interesting; but the term was justified by the fact that it had been known for a long time in Japan. The fish so resembled the tuna that the boatman assumed that it was a tuna and called it the "yellow-finned tuna," by which name the interesting fish will go down to fame, and with some excuse, as when compared superficially to the tuna it resembles it much more than it does its generic relative. This was in 1904, and ever since the new tuna, with its vivid lemon finlets, has appeared every August or September in vast numbers, affording a sport never dreamed of, for the simple reason that, being smaller than the tuna, averaging about fifty pounds, they are much easier to catch.

"I SHOT THE FINEST."

From Ware's "In the Woods and On the Shore." (Page.)

ACCORDING to the tracks there were at least two large stags ahead of us, and possibly three. I moved up to the head of the procession, as it would be my next shot under our alternating arrangement. The big tracks kept on until we finally lost them in a particularly wet bog by a wooded island on our right, from which a long strip of brush jutted out parallel to our trail. I stopped at the end of the bushes and looked over them into the bog beyond. There were three stags, the nearest one with a wide spreading pair of



From "Big Game at Sea."

Copyright, 1908, by The Outing Publishing Co.

L. P. STREETER, WITH A CATCH OF A YELLOW-FINNED TUNA.

antlers, which, with his heavy body and snow white neck showed he was the kind we were looking for. I stopped the others with a gesture, and they sank down in the moss while Stround crept up and joined me. He took a quick look at the chances for approach and we started back on our tracks, turning through the brush at the lower end of the wooded island. When we got to the very edge of it the stags had become suspicious and were moving off, but were still within easy shot. At the first shot the big stag went down on his off shoulder, but was up again the next instant. A second shot brought him down again with both fore legs under him. The other two stags had trotted off a short distance and were watching us, but their heads were so inferior to the big one that was down that I did not trouble them. We leaped out of the brush and came up to the game. He gathered his great haunches under him and gave a tremendous leap, repeating it as he fell with both fore legs doubled under his body. I found I could keep up with him easily enough, and as he looked entirely fit in some positions it occurred to me to try to get a picture of him while still alive. I carried the little camera inside my shirt, and of course it had worked around on my back to the most inaccessible spot it could reach. The caribou was plowing along with his great leaps, I doing my best to keep alongside, but I finally extricated the kodak and got two snap shots of him. The setting sun and the distant forest for a background with the great wild creature struggling against his fate made a picture that one could never forget, and I was fortunate enough with the little camera to keep it in all its wonderful picturesqueness.

This last head had an unusual spread and height of beam, though but thirty-two points and but one brow antler. Its teeth as well as the bluntness of the points showed that the stag was a very old one, but in splendid condition, with great layers of fat extending over its haunches and well up on to the saddle. The horns were entirely clean of velvet—the first stag we had seen in this condition, this being September 6.

It was only about three miles across the valley to camp, for which I was duly grateful, as I had to carry the big head myself, all the rest being well loaded down with our other belongings.

TO PLEASE—THAT'S THE THING.

From Alice Brown's "Rose Macleod." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

WHEN Electra had rustled away, after the pleasantest of farewell recognitions between her and the guest, her grandmother heaved a sigh.

"Billy," said she, "that's a dreadful girl."

"She's a very handsome girl. What's the matter with her?"

"She's so equipped. First, she's well born. Her grandmother was a Grace and her mother was a Vanderdecken. See her teeth. See her hair, and her profile. Dreadful!"

"They're very beautiful, in a correct way. She's as well made as a grand piano."

"That's it, Billy. And she has done nothing but polish herself, and now you can see your face in her. Fancy, Billy, what these modern creatures do. They go to gymnasium. They can take a five-barred gate, I believe, in their knickerbockers and what they call sneakers. They understand all about foods and what's good for them and what's good for the aged, and if you're over seventy they buy condensed foods in cans and make you take it twice a day."

"You haven't tasted your grog."

"I shan't. Want it?"

He accepted the glass, and sniffed at it critically.

"That's good," he commented. "That's very good. There's a familiar creature in that." He tasted, and then drank with gusto.

"Well," said the old lady disparagingly, "you wouldn't have said so if it had been one of the foods. I have them before I go to bed."

He spoke persuasively: "Florrie, let's talk a little more about the book."

"There's nothing more to say. I've told you the whole story, and I know you won't tell anybody else."

"Don't you think you'd better make a clean breast of it to Gilbert and Wall?"

"What for?"

"Well, I don't know exactly; only it seems to me publishers and authors are in a more or less confidential relation. Being a publisher myself, I naturally feel rather strongly about it."

"I don't see it in the least," said the old lady decisively. "All this talk about the paternal relation is mere poppycock. They print me a book. If it takes a start, they back it. They're as glad as I am. But as to telling them my glorious little joke, why, I can't and I won't."

"But, dear woman, they're printing away with full confidence in having got a valuable book out of you."

"So they have. It's selling, isn't it?"

"Madly. Specialists want it for honest data. The general reader has got an idea from the reviews that there's personal gossip in it, more or less racy. So it goes."

"Well, let it go," said the old lady recklessly. "I shan't stop it."

"No, but I can't help thinking Gilbert and Wall ought to be in the secret."

"Do you imagine they'd stop printing?"

"I don't imagine anything. I believe, to speak temperately, they'd drop dead. I only say it's a fearful and wonderful situation, and they ought to know it. You see, dear woman, you've not only played a joke on the public; you've played a joke on them."

"Well, for goodness' sake, why not? What's a publisher, anyway? Has he got to be treated like a Hindu god? Billy Stark, I wish you'd stayed in London where you belong."

Again Billy felt himself wheezing, and gave up to it as before. She watched him unwinkingly, and by and by she chuckled a little and then joined him, in an ecstasy.

"Florrie," said he, "you're simply a glorious portent, and you've no more moral sense than the cat."

LESSONS IN LOVE-MAKING.

From Williams' "My Lost Duchess." (Century Co.)

"But if I really cared for a girl," said the Duchess, "I'd tell her so," she was saying, "if I were a man."

"But suppose circumstances—"

"Bah! A man wouldn't balk at circumstances."

"But can't you imagine certain possible contingencies—"

"No, I can't; all false pride."

"Oh, but I don't mean just what you do. I am speaking of a different sort of thing. Unfortunately, one has to consider—"

"Consider? Nonsense! Oh, if I were a man, I would show you men how to do the business."

"I am very well content that you are not a man."

"Ah, you would be afraid of me," she said tauntingly, "if I were a man."

"Oh, but I am already, you know!" said I, and added: "How would you do the business? Why don't you teach me?"

"For one thing, I would not continually run away. And I would not invariably assume an attitude of humble inferiority."

"I see; that's what you *wouldn't* do; now kindly tell me what you would do—teach me."

"Why, I would stride into her presence with a bold front, sure of myself and sure of her." The Duchess imitated the stride, the bold front, and the sureness.

"I see," said I. "Suppose you weren't, though?"

"Then I'd pretend to be! And I would make love to her with might and main, sweep her off her feet and into my arms and keep her there forever."

"You say you'd make love to her—tell me how that's done. I have heard there were a great many different ways," I said.

"Oh, yes," she said; "some men for instance—"

"You, I suppose, have had to listen to all the ways there are, have you not?"

She looked thoughtful a moment and shook her head. "No," she said, "I don't believe so," and seemed so earnest and honest about it that I had to burst out laughing, which relieved my feelings greatly.

"But I only want to know how *you* would do it," said I.

"It would depend on the girl. Give me a girl."

"I can't think of any," I said, being able to think of only one.

"I shouldn't think you would find it so difficult. I shouldn't think you'd have to look far."

"To be sure," said I, turning about and facing her, "you, for instance—that's not far."

"Oh," she cried, really startled for once, "that's hardly far enough!"

"All the same," said I, judiciously, "I should think you would do."

"At a pinch?" she asked.

"At a pinch," I said, getting up to walk to and fro.

"That makes it more difficult," she replied, smiling a little consciously.

"Yes, I should think it *would* be rather difficult," said I, sympathetically.

"What?" she said straightening up, "to make love to me?"

"Successfully," I added gravely.

"Oh," she said, relaxing, but looking up at me as she did so, "I don't believe you really need teaching."

"You promised!" said I, anxiously.

A JAUNT WITH THE RODNEYS.

From "The Husbands of Edith." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"WELL, you see, Brock," said Medcroft lamely, "I want you to pose as Roxbury Medcroft; you are to go to Vienna as Roxbury Medcroft, not as yourself."

"Pon my soul, Rox, you are not in earnest?"

"Never more so."

"But, my dear fellow—"

"You won't do it? That's what your tone means," in despair.

"It isn't that, and you know it. I've got nothing to lose. It's you that will have to suffer. You're known all over Europe. What will be said when the trick is discovered? 'Gad, man!'"

"Then you will go?" with beaming eyes. "I knew it would appeal to you, as an American."

"What does it all mean?"

"It's all very simple, if one looks at it from the right angle, Brock. Up to last night, I was blissfully committed to the most delightful of outings, so to speak. At ten o'clock everything was changed. Mrs. Medcroft and I sat up all night discussing the situation with the messenger—my solicitor, by the way. The Vienna trip is out of the question, so far as I am concerned. It is of vital importance that I should return to London to-night, but is even more vitally important that the world should say that I am in Vienna. See what I mean?"

"No, I'm hanged if I do."

"What I have just heard from London makes me shudder to think of the consequences if I go on east to-night. I may as well tell you that there is a plot on foot to perpetrate a gigantic fraud against the people. The County Council is to be hoodwinked out and out into moving forward certain building projects, involving millions of the people's money. Our firm has opposed a certain band of grafters, and when I left England it was pretty well settled that we had blocked their game. They have learned of my proposed absence and intend to steal a march on us while I am away. That's why I'm asking you to go on to Vienna and pose as Roxbury Medcroft while I steal back to London and set the charge under these demmed bloodsuckers. All you've got to do is to register at the Bristol, get interviewed by the papers, attend one or two sessions of the convention, which lasts three days, and then go off into the mountains with the Rodneys—the society reporters will do the rest."

"With the Rodneys? My dear fellow, suppose that they object to the substitution! Really, you know, it's not to be thought of."

"Deuce take it, man, the Rodneys are not to know that there has been a substitution. Perfectly simple, can't you see?"

"I'm damned if I do."

"What a stupid ass you are, Brock! The Rodneys have never laid eyes on me. They know of me as Edith's husband, that's all. They are to take you in as Medcroft, of course."

"I'd be recognized as an imposter and booted out of the convention. I shudder to think of what Mr. Rodney will do to me when he learns the truth. Why, Medcroft, you must be crazy. There will be dozens of architects there who know you personally or by sight. You—"

"My dear boy, if they don't see me there, they can't very well recognize me, can they? If necessary, you can affect an illness and stay away from the sessions altogether. Hire a nurse, if necessary. You might venture to express an opinion or two on vital topics, in my name. I don't care a hang what you say. I only want 'em to think I'm there. No doubt our enemies will have a spy or two hanging about to see that I am actually off for a jaunt with the Rodneys, but they will be Vienneuse and they won't know me from Adam. What's the odds, so long as Edith is there to stand by you? If she's willing to assume that you are her husband—"

"Good Lord!" half shouted Brock, leaping to his feet, wide-eyed. "You don't mean to say that she is—is to go to Vienna with me?"

"Emphatically, yes. She's also invited. Of course, she's going."

AND DOROTHY WAS WAITING!

From Vance's *"The Black Bag."* (Bobbs-Merrill.)

Over there, across the water, in the dingy and disreputable Hôtel du Commerce, Dorothy waited in her room, doubtless the prey of unnumbered nameless terrors, while aboard the brigantine her fate was being decided by a council of three unspeakable scoundrels, one of whom, professing himself her father, openly declared his intention of using her to further his selfish and criminal ends.

His first and natural thought, to steal away to her and induce her to accompany him back to England, Kirkwood perforce discarded. He could have wept over the realization of his unqualified impotency. He had no money—not even cab-fare from the hotel to the railway station. Something subtler, more crafty, had to be contrived to meet the emergency. And there was one way, one only; he could see none other. Temporarily he must make himself one of the company of her enemies, force himself upon them, ingratiate himself into their good graces, gain their confidence, then, when opportunity offered, betray them. And the power to make them tolerate him, if not receive him as a fellow, the knowledge of them and their plans that they had unwittingly given him, was his.

And Dorothy was waiting. . . .

He swung round and without attempting to muffle his footfalls strode toward the com-

panionway. He must pretend he had just come aboard.

Subconsciously he had been aware, during his time of pondering, that the voices in the cabin had been steadily gaining in volume, rising louder and yet more loud, Mulready's ominous, drink-blurred accents dominating the others. There was a quarrel afoot; as soon as he gave it heed, Kirkwood understood that Mulready, in the madness of his inflamed brain, was forcing the issue while Calendar sought vainly to calm and soothe him.

The American arrived at the head of the companionway at a critical juncture. As he moved to descend some low, cool-toned retort of Calendar's seemed to enrage his confederate beyond reason. He yelped aloud with wrath, sprang to his feet, knocking over a chair, and leaping back toward the foot of the steps, flashed an adroit hand behind him and found his revolver.

"I've stood enough from you!" he screamed, his voice oddly clear in that moment of insanity. "You've played with me as long as you will, you hulking American hog! And now I'm going to show—"

As he held his fire to permit his denunciation to bite home, Kirkwood, appalled to find himself standing on the threshold of a tragedy, gathered himself together and launched through the air, straight for the madman's shoulders.

As they went down together, sprawling, Mulready's head struck against a transom and the revolver fell from his limp fingers.

BRIDGE VERSUS CIVILIZATION.

From Boyce's *"The Bond."* (Duffield.)

ERNESTO and Crayven were playing against the bellicose Vicomte, whose duel somehow had not come off, and his sister, and Ernesto, as always, was excitedly absorbed in the game.

"Contre!" he cried, when "no trumps" had been declared against him, slapping his cards down on the table and folding his arms frenziedly. He played out the hand fiercely, pounding each trick with his fist as he took it in and turned it; lost the odd; and leaned across the table, demanding of his partner with concentrated fury:

"For God's sake, why didn't you lead me a heart!"

"Heart? Heart?" said Crayven vaguely. "I don't think I had one."

"You had! Haven't you just played the king on my ace? You've lost us the game!"

"Very sorry, indeed," murmured Crayven.

"Sorry!" snorted Ernesto, dealing round a fresh pack with desperation.

Nina, crocheting on an endless piece of white wool, glanced at him with alarmed sympathy, and Teresa smiled faintly. Ernesto was never ill-tempered except at cards, but his card-manners were atrocious. Teresa always remembered, when she saw him at play, the phrase of a clever Italian, "*Siamo civil mas non civili.*" No, decidedly, Ernesto was not civilized. The passion to win swept away all his surface civility.

Crayven was undeniably an irritating partner. To-night he was playing his worst; it was clear that his mind was anywhere but on the game. Teresa, from where she sat, a little behind him, glanced now and then at his grave profile, the weary droop of his eyelids. Midway in the last game of the rubber she got up and said good-night to Nina. Ernesto, studying his cards with knitted brows, did not notice her move till the other two men at the table rose; then he protested:

"Oh, don't go now! Wait a few minutes and cut in, Teresa, we're almost done—you take Crayven's place, or mine."

"No, I'm tired—I don't want to play," she said, with a perverse pleasure in Crayven's look of suppressed anger. She knew he had come only in order to walk home with her, but she had not meant that he should; and now she went away, firmly refusing any escort. It was only a few steps to the hotel. But, in the one lighted street of the little town, she turned the other way and walked slowly, past the lights of the village, out on the quiet road that led down to a bridge over the brawling Vizee. The night was cool, and a current of colder air, swept down by the stream, made her shiver slightly as she wrapped her cloak about her and leaned to look down at the foaming water. She was extremely tired, but nervous restlessness and melancholy dominated her physical fatigue. That was the impression the day had left with her—a mordant melancholy—and she had seen the same thing in Crayven's face that evening. What had happened, after all, and why was it that suddenly all had fallen to ruins in their relation to one another? Why was it that at a touch that world of which he was the centre, and which had for a moment beckoned to her, had crumbled away, vanished like a mirage?

WHO HAS NOT BEEN THERE?

From *De Morgan's "Somehow Good."* (Holt.)

BUT there is modern life, too, at St. Sennans—institutions that keep abreast of the century. Half the previous century ago, when we went there first, the Circulating Library consisted, so far as we can recollect it, of a net containing bright leather balls, a collection of wooden spades and wheelbarrows, a glass jar with powder-puffs, another with tooth-brushes, a rocking-horse—rashly stocked in the first heated impulse of an over-confident founder—a few other trifles, and, most important of all, a book-case that supplied the title-rôle to the performance. That book-case contained (we are confident) *editiones principes* of Mrs. Ratcliff, Sir Walter Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Currer Bell . . . well, even Fanny Burney, if you come to that. There certainly was a copy of "Frankenstein," and fifty years ago our flesh was so compliant as to creep during its perusal. It wouldn't now.

But even fifty years ago there was never a volume that had not been defaced out of all knowledge by crooked marks of the most inquisitive interrogation, and straight marks of the most indignant astonishment, by the reading-public in the shadows of the breakwaters.

It really read, that public did; and, what's more, it often tore out the interesting bits to take away. I remember great exasperation when a sudden veil was drawn over the future of two lovers just as the young gentleman had flung himself into the arms of the young lady. An unhallowed fiend had cut off the sequel with scissors and boned it!

That was done, or much of it, when the books were new, and the railway-station was miles away; when the church wasn't new, but old, which was better. It has been made new since, and has chairs in it, and memorial windows by Stick and Co. In those days its Sunday-folk were fisherfolk mostly, and a few local magnates or parvates—squirophants, they might be called—and a percentage of the visitors.

Was St. Sennan glad or sorry, we wonder, when the last two sorts subscribed and restored him? If we had been he, one of us would have had to have the temper of a saint to keep cool about it. Anyhow, it's done now, and can't be undone.

But the bathing-machines are not restored, at any rate. Those indescribables yonder, half rabbit-hutch, half dry-dock—a long row for ladies and a short one for gentlemen, three hundred yards apart—couldn't trust 'em any nearer, bless you!—these superannuated God-knows-whats, struggling against disintegration from automatic plunges down a rugged beach, and creaking journeys back you are asked to hold on through—it's no use going on drying!—these tributes to public decorum you can find no room in, and probably swear at—no sacrilegious restorer has laid his hand on these. They evidently contemplate going on for ever; for though their axes grow more and more oblique every day, their self-confidence remains unshaken. But then they think they *are* St. Sennans, and that the wooden houses are subordinate accidents, and the church a mere tributary that was a little premature—got there first, in its hurry to show respect for *them*. And no great wonder, seeing what a figure they cut, seen from a boat when you have a row! Or, rather, used to cut; for now the new town (which is beastly) has come on the cliff above, and looks for all the world as if it was St. Sennans, and speaks contemptuously of the real town as the Beach Houses.

The new town can only be described as a tidy nightmare; yet it is a successful creation of the brains that conceived it—a successful creation of ground-rents. As a development of land ripe for building, with more yards of frontage to the main-road than at first sight geometry seems able to accommodate, it has been taking advantage of unrivalled opportunities for a quarter of a century, backed by advances on mortgage. It is the envy of the neighboring proprietors east and west along the coast, who have developed their own eligible sites past all remedy and our endurance, and now have to drain their purses to meet the obligations to the professional mortgagee, who is biding his hour in peace, waiting for the fruit to fall into his mouth and murderously sure of his prey. But at St. Sennans a mysterious silence reigns behind a local office that yields keys on application, and an-

swers all inquiries, and asks ridiculous rents. And this silence, or its keeper, is said to have become enormously rich over the new town.

SEA ADVENTURE AS IT IS WRITTEN.

From Nicholl's "*Brunhilda of Orr's Island.*"
(Geo. W. Jacobs.)

UNCLE HAGEN peered from under his cap, watching Nelson. "Now, what might your business be?" he inquired, frankly.

"My business—?" "Oh—I write books—and things."

"Any money in it?" said the captain.

"Not much," Nelson confessed.

"Should think not, never suit me. "Now take fishing," he added, keeping his eye on the boats. "Of course, it's hard work, but when everything is going right, and a fair wind—well, it suits me all right. There ain't anything better."

"There's not any money in fishing," Nelson suggested.

"Money?—no, I guess there ain't. But there's a living. Ain't anybody starving on this island, as I know of?"

"Dangerous, and risky," persisted Nelson.

The captain smiled. "Sounds just like a story book—I always liked those tales of the dangers of the sea, and the almighty deep. Hilda has one with a boat up—up—where was it?—in the North Sea somewheres, with icebergs and monsters of the deep, and the ship on fire, and sinking fast with all on board." The captain waved the stem of his pipe in the direction of the blue north. "I always liked those tales, 'cause I never saw anything like it in my sea-faring—must be grand, just for the experience," he mused.

"But you must have had some pretty tough experiences," Nelson contended.

"Most of us have, before we reach fifty, but mine weren't uncommon—just a little hustling around, lively, for a while, but more often just easy sailing." . . .

Apparently the fisherman's mind reverted to the stories of the "almighty deep," for between the puffs of his pipe he drawled, "Wonder—if the fellow—was ever there?"

"The fellow—?" queried Nelson.

"Um—the fellow that wrote all that windy stuff about the terrible storms, and the poor sailors out in the blinding mist 'nd snow, with their bare feet bleeding on the icy decks—he must have had a grand experience."

"Oh—" said Nelson, loftily, "an author does not have to experience everything that he writes."

"No—"

"Oh—no," explained Nelson. "Why some of the best books have been written about places that the authors have never seen."

"How did they do it?" the captain demanded. "It isn't in reason that a man can tell folks about a thing he's never seen." He settled back in his old splint rocker with the air of a man who had his own opinions, let others think as they chose.

"Well—" said Nelson, thoughtfully, "they use their imagination—"

"Just so," interrupted the captain, "and a man's imagination will often carry him a long way from the truth."

WHO IS THE HEIR?

From McIntyre's "*In the Dead of Night.*"
(Lippincott.)

Who is the heir? \$200,000,000! Colossal fortune of Stephen Austin hangs in the balance.

Kenyon did not read farther, but folded the paper and stood tapping it thoughtfully in his open palm.

Upon the opposite of Broadway a hansom was drawn up at the curb. Kenyon's eyes rested absently upon the veiled woman who sat within it. He saw her speak a few hasty words to the driver; then he noted the man's quick glance in his direction, and the smart swish of the long whip over the roof of the vehicle. The hansom rattled across the street and drew up beside him; the woman leaned forward.

"I was beginning to think that you had failed us," she said.

A whimsical look came into Kenyon's eyes; then he smiled good-naturedly.

"I beg your pardon," he began; but she interrupted him.

"It is quite unnecessary," she said. He noted that the tone and the gesture that accompanied the words were rather cold and imperious. "I suppose," she continued, "that you did not know that he was ill; but, even so, you should not have delayed. However, it is not yet too late. They physicians have assured us that he will live until morning—that he may even get well."

The whimsical look left Kenyon's eyes and with it went the smile.

"Has there not been a mistake?" he asked, gravely.

"The physicians are the best in New York."

Regretfully, he was about to inform her that he was not the person she thought him to be—that he was a stranger in New York—that he did not know a soul among its four millions. But she stopped him once more.

"I will take this occasion to say," she said, freezingly, "that I have considered his safety, alone, from the beginning. My own feelings do not enter into the matter."

"I ask your pardon, again," began the young man. "But the fact is—"

The small white hand went up once more and waved back the words.

"I repeat," she said, "that you are still in time. However, it would have been much better if you had come earlier. The ship reached port some seven or eight hours ago; and there could have been nothing to detain you."

Kenyon bent his brows, and looked puzzled.

"What ship do you refer to?" he asked.

"The *Blenheim*," came the prompt answer. Her eyes were searching his face intently; even the thick veil could not hide the fact that they were big, dark and lustrous. "That was the ship, was it not?"

"It was," answered Kenyon, and the puzzled look grew deeper.

"He is very low," the girl continued, "and is very anxious to see you."

A number of people stood about. Those who overheard were beginning to stare; and as this could not endure, Kenyon entered the hansom.

ITALIANS IN THE LAND OF GOLD.

From "True Stories of Crime." (Scribner.)

THE voyage was for Antonio an unalloyed agony of seasickness and homesickness, and when at last the great vessel steamed slowly up the North River, her band playing and the emigrants crowding eagerly to her sides, he had hardly spirit enough left to raise his eyes to the mountains of huge buildings from whose craters the white smoke rose slowly and blew away in great wind-torn clouds. Yet he felt some of the awakening enthusiasm of his comrades, and when once his feet touched earth again it was not long before he almost forgot his sufferings upon the ocean in his feverish anxiety to lose no time in beginning to save the money which should reunite him to Nicoletta and his mother. As soon as the vessel had docked a blustering Italian came among the emigrants and tagged a few dozen of them, including Antonio, with large blue labels, and then led them in a long, straggling line across the gangplank and marched them through the muddy streets to the railroad train. Here they huddled in a dirty car filled with smoke and were whirled with frightful speed for hours through a flat and smiling country. The noise, the smoke and the unaccustomed motion made Antonio ill again, and when the train stopped at Lambertville, New Jersey, the padrone had difficulty in rousing him from the animal-like stupor into which he had fallen.

The Italians crowded together upon the platform, gazing helplessly at one another and at the padrone, who was cursing them for a lot of stupid fools, and bidding them get upon a flat car that stood upon a siding. Antonio had to be pushed upon it by main force, but the journey this time was short, and in half an hour he found himself upon an embankment where hundreds of Italians were laboring with pick and shovel in the broiling sun. Here he also was given a pick and told to go to work.

Toni soon became accustomed to his new surroundings. Every night he and the rest were carried to Lambertville on flat cars and in the mornings were brought back to the embankment. The work was no harder than that to which he had been used, and he soon became himself again. Moreover, he found many of his old friends from Culiano working there. His letters home were quite enthusiastic regarding the pleasant character of the life. Yet he was sad always, especially so as since his arrival in America he had made no progress toward finding his brother.

Every month Toni divided what he earned into three parts. One of them he deposited in the savings-bank, another he invested in a money order which was sent by Strollo to Nicoletta for the mother, and the last he kept for himself. It was astounding how fast one really could make money if one was industrious. Forty dollars a month, sometimes! That made nearly seventy *lire* to send to Nicoletta. His bank account grew steadily, and he often saved something out of the money he allowed himself to live upon.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "THAT SET"?

From "The Half-Smart Set." (Stokes.)

"COME down with us to the Heronry, nicest people you ever met—and a change from the sort you'll have to live among up there. They've got a houseboat and a steam-launch, and we'll have no end of a jolly time."

Christopher shook his head.

"No, thanks," said he, "I don't think I should feel much at home in that set."

"What do you mean by 'that set'?" asked Louis rather aggressively.

"Well, the set that does nothing but enjoy itself."

"Oh, there you're wrong. Old Goldsmith, the father, is one of the hardest-worked men in England. Never takes a day off except the regulation Stock Exchange holidays four or five days in the year. His nose is always at the grindstone, and it's only his children who get much benefit from his labor. They have a rippin' time of it, certainly."

"Yes. Well, they're as different as possible from the set I belong to, the set where every one is expected to do something, to contribute his share of solid work to keep the establishment going. My sisters have each their own tasks, and they must not neglect them any more than I may neglect mine or my father and mother theirs."

"Poor beggars!" said he. "What a time you must have of it. I don't see what's the good of grinding when the money's made! Our father sees it as we do too. And so does old Goldsmith. If you've worked hard and got on, as they've done, and have so got work into the grain that you're too old to learn how to enjoy life, why, see that your children learn to enjoy it for you!"

"Well, said Christopher, "I really think, though of course you won't agree with me, that I'd sooner be as we are, all workers, than neither one thing nor the other. If one were born heir to an earldom, say, or were the son of a man with fifty thousand a year that came without being worked for, it would be pleasant enough to be in the swim of things, and to have motor-cars, and a yacht, and a house in town, a couple of places in the country, and to do the smart thing all round. But failing that, I think I'd just as soon be as I am, frankly a worker, not a drone, and feel that I had my place in the world to fill and that I could fill it. Be smart, or don't be smart, one or the other. I shouldn't care to belong to your half-smart set."

"Well, you may turn up your nose at us, but we don't have half a bad time of it, though we may be only half-smart. And look here, now you've put our backs up, you shall just learn for yourself whether even half-smartness is a thing to be despised. I insist on your going down with us to-morrow to the Heronry, and seeing for yourself whether there isn't something to be said for our capacity for enjoyment, at any rate. Now, look here. We're going to be down there to-morrow in time for luncheon, so I must find out how to dodge the inconvenience of these confounded Sunday trains. Where's a Bradshaw?"

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE "CO-EDS." "YOU DON'T LOVE ME LIKE I DO YOU."

From Keays' *"The Road to Damascus."* (Small, Maynard & Co.)

"ARE there any questions?"

The students were silent; there was probably no room in which so many questions were asked as in this one, and none in which it required so much courage to ask them.

"No questions?" Maxwell looked quizzically at the closely gathered group of women, whom his tone seemed to spatter with sarcasm; he despised the timidity which made them incapable of stating a problem for discussion, although he knew that he himself was responsible for their diffidence. He had never hesitated to declare it his intention to make his work "as damned unpleasant for the women" as he could, and he had succeeded to such an extent that their numbers dwindled to a faint but philosophy-pursuing remnant, which he harried unceasingly in the hope that it would one day entirely disappear, and that he would achieve the distinction in an institution popularly supposed to be strongly co-educational, of lecturing to men only. He sneered at those feeble departments of the university which snatched eagerly at women students for the purpose of demonstrating their popularity to a board of regents, apt to award salary according to the quantity of his students rather than to the quality of the professor; Maxwell's classroom was crowded with men; there was no occasion for him to coquet with that most mis-placed female known as the "Co-ed."

Yet until the advent of Jack Homfrey, his star student had been a woman, and how he had begrudged her intellect that handicap! So long as he had her under his influence, all went well; but during a vacation she fell a victim to the inevitable and became engaged to some insignificant school principal in the West. Bah!—marriage, the bearing of children, the endless day after day litter of domestic duties—for such a woman! It was one more example of the brutal comedy in which Fate made sport of human endowment.

It was the act of a fool to waste time on the mental development of women beyond a certain point. But it was the modern pose to approve of their playing with the arts and sciences; to affect belief in the pretense that their souls thirsted for knowledge and a doctor's degree. What a farce! The woman of high intellectual development was a "sport," an abnormality. Men understood that. And yet all this asses' braying about the higher education of women! And they—God bless them!—took it seriously, while all the time the pretty one among them, be she fool or knave, held the royal flush, and always would, and every man knew it.

But they could not all have her! Hence something must be done to render the undesirable woman palatable, and that was the meaning of higher education. His star student had been a very plain girl, yet she had found a man willing to marry her, and in the intervals of baby-minding, her expert knowledge could be subjected most effectively to her husband's service. "Any questions?"

From Willcocks' *"The Man of Genius."* (Lane.)

"DID you go to see Darracott to-night, Thyrsa?" he asked at last.

"Iss, Ambrose."

"To his house?"

"Iss, Ambrose. 'Twas that I thought night and day about 'en and his trouble. For, oh, my heavens, he's the only one that cares for me in all the world!"

She was sobbing bitterly.

"Thyrza, come here."

Then, as he held out his arms to her, all the supports of will within seemed to give way. Yet falling, as it seemed, into an abyss, he still held her close. In a flash he saw the two sides of his life, the struggle to be an artist, to win up, to make a way that no one else could make for him—and this, that cooed on his heart, half a thing of flame and half of tenderness. Shoals and shallows it might mean; that he knew quite well, yet he stooped his lips to hers and all the world vanished.

"I've loved 'ee all the time," whispered Thyrsa, "but you never give me a sign, and then I thought I'd sent away the one man that loved me."

He laughed joyfully, as he whispered—

"But now you know there's another. Which of us is the one you love, Thyrsa?"

"You know," she said slipping her hand into his with a sigh of content.

"Dear little soul," he answered, "you've wound round my heart every way. We're almost of the same flesh and blood, for your ancestors and mine sleep together in the dear old Devon earth, where you and I'll sleep together years hence, Thyrsa."

"You couldn't live without me, could you Thyrsa?" he whispered as they said good night. "Say it now. Say, 'I couldn't live without you, Ambrose.'"

"Oh, I couldn't. That's true enough," she answered. "But I was afraid somebody had told 'ee of this."

She touched the high neck of her dress.

"Did 'ee know I was marked, Ambrose?" she asked.

He pulled her to him and pressed his lips to the neck that troubled her so.

"Ambrose," she said, "I do hate what takes 'ee away from me. You're forever drawing and reading. You don't love me like I do you."

"Thyrza," he answered gravely, "don't you know that if a man's worth anything he must put his work first? He's no man, else."

She understood this of Darracott's work, for with a beloved woman waiting for him, she knew that the man worth loving would go to his death, if the sea called for sacrifice. But Ambrose's work was so different: for, like Mrs. Velly, Thyrsa considered architecture, apart from the mere question of shelter, as scarcely a dignified occupation for a grown man, and when she thought of sculpture she always remembered the Italian men who bring round baskets of "images" for sale.

Two men that night sat reading the first law of life, which is written: "That ye bear much fruit." Darracott dreamt simply of the

price paid for other human lives, where Ambrose saw the fair children of his brain rising, stone above stone, into the sunlight, but they both understood more than Thyrza. Yet she, too, had set out on the long road which begins with the eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. And since Edenic days the way to the tree of life runs past the tree of knowledge.

COUNTRY RELATIONS IN A MODERN HOTEL.

From Sinclair's "The Metropolis." (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

JUST now she was wandering about the rooms, exclaiming with wonder. Everything here was so quiet and so harmonious that at first one's suspicions were lulled. It was simplicity, but of a strange and perplexing kind—simplicity elaborately studied. It was luxury, but grown assured of itself, and gazing down upon itself with aristocratic disdain. And after a while this began to penetrate the vulgarest mind, and to fill it with awe; one cannot remain long in an apartment which is trimmed and furnished in rarest Circassian walnut, and "papered" with hand-embroidered silk cloth, without feeling some excitement—even though there be no one to mention that the furniture has cost eight thousand dollars per room, and that the wall covering has been imported from Paris at a cost of seventy dollars per yard.

Montague also betook himself to gazing about. He noted the great double windows, with sashes of bronze; the bronze fire-proof doors; the bronze electric candles and chandeliers, from which the room was flooded with a soft radiance at the touch of a button; the "duchesse" and "marquise" chairs, with upholstery matching the walls; the huge leather "slumber-couch," with adjustable lamp at its head. When one opened the door of the dressing-room closet, it was automatically filled with light; there was an adjustable three-sided mirror, at which one could study his own figure from every side. There was a little bronze box near the bed, in which one might set his shoes, and with a locked door opening out into the hall, so that the floor-porter could get them without disturbing one. Each of the bath-rooms was the size of an ordinary man's parlor, with floor and walls of snow-white marble, and a door composed of an imported plate-glass mirror. There was a great porcelain tub, with glass handles upon the wall by which you could help yourself out of it, and a shower-bath with linen duck curtains, which were changed every day; and a marble slab upon which you might lie to be rubbed by the masseur who would come at the touch of a button.

There was no end to the miracles of this establishment, as Montague found in the course of time. There was no chance that the antique bronze clock on the mantel might go wrong, for it was electrically controlled from the office. You did not open the window and let in the dust, for the room was automatically ventilated, and you turned a switch marked "hot" and "cold." The office would furnish you a guide who would show

you the establishment; and you might see your bread being kneaded by electricity, upon an opal glass table, and your eggs being tested by electric light; you might peer into huge refrigerators, ventilated by electric fans, and in which each tiny lamb chop reposed in a separate holder. Upon your own floor was a pantry, provided with hot and cold storage-rooms and an air-tight dumb-waiter; you might have your own private linen and crockery and plate, and your own family butler, if you wished. Your children, however, would not be permitted in the building, even though you were dying—this was a small concession which you made to a host who had invested a million dollars and a half in furniture alone.

WE GIVE TO SAVE.

From Gilmore's "June Jeopardy." (Huebsch.)

"FINALLY one young fellow hit upon a scheme that solved the whole situation. Now what do you think it was?"

"I give it up," Thethry said patiently, not pretending to solve the conundrum.

"He made the holes in the floor big enough for the rats to go through without gnawing the rope."

"Now I applied that fable to that man—Ebbett's case. He's been trying to steal Uncle Rex's diamonds for heaven knows how many years. And if he lives he'll try to steal them from Jadie and me for as many more. I worked it out that the only way to come up with him was to remove the temptation. I told him that I'd give him one of those necklaces on our wedding-day."

Thethry stared at him fixedly for a long pause. Then she broke into laughter. "What did he say?"

Sears laughed again. "He said he only wanted to look at them anyway and, as long as they were going to belong to you, he'd put them in their best shape—he means recutting to their best advantage, I suppose—and give them back to you."

His arm went about her waist again. He caught one of the hands that lay in her lap and held it a fluttering prisoner. "Now, listen, Thethry," he said, "Jadie and I own a big island in Martha's Vineyard, called Nautaug. It's been in our family for more than a century and there's the bulkiest, big, rambling house on it that is has taken my family generations to build. We have a great deal of sentiment about the place because we've always gone there for some part of every summer. We only invite the elect among our friends to go there with us. It's a real island-kingdom; for of course we're the only people on it and it's the most beautiful spot on the face of the globe. Rivers, forests, ponds, moors, soft hills and beautiful glades—there's everything there. It's covered with deer. Life there is one long out-of-doors game. Now we're going to take you and the Blondes and the Pyx-Jury there this summer. We'll make that three months like a mediæval romance come true." He stopped. "Will you come?"

"Will I come?"

The telephone rang suddenly.

THE HIDDEN BROOK.

From Lichfield's "Narcissus and Other Poems."
(Putnam.)

So flows my love along your life, O friend—
A whispered song, with neither break nor end,
Outbreathed wherever your dear footsteps tend.

Albeit you listen not, are not aware
Of any music throbbing on the air,
Still my full heart goes singing to you there,

Content, although the way be long to run
And closed forever from the moon and sun,
With emerald dusks and opal dawns all one,—

Content, content, if Heaven but grant this meed,
That you may drink in any hour of need.

WATCH THEM IMPROVE THE SHINING HOUR.

From Maynard's "The Small Country Place."
(Lippincott.)

THERE is no more interesting living thing than the honeybee. It is possessed of wonderful intelligence and skill, producing large quantities of honey with little or no expense to the owner, and at the same time aiding in the more perfect fertilization of the flowers of all our fruit and ornamental trees and plants. As much as one hundred and sixty pounds of choice honey has been produced by one colony of bees in a single season.

Bees occupy but a small space and require no expensive house to live in. In most large apiaries the hives are placed in the open and only a few inches from the ground. Here the bees that come in laden with honey or pollen if they fail to alight on the board in front of the hive can crawl up and reach the hive and deposit their load. The ground, too, is warmer than the air, and the hives are not as much exposed to winds as if on a higher stand. Small apiaries are often placed upon a stand two or three feet high, with a roof over it and where shelter and protection may be afforded during the winter without taking them into the cellar. Successful apiaries have been located upon the flat roofs of city houses, the bees flying several miles in search of honey.

The modern method of putting up surplus honey for market is by having small boxes or sections holding just one pound placed upon the top of the hive in such a manner that the bees will fill it in regular and even sheets. When quickly made the comb is very white, and all sections should be taken off as soon as the cells are capped over. The best honey is made from apple blossoms, white clover, basswood, and buckwheat, grading about in the order given. That from other and mixed flowers is of poorer quality. The buckwheat is dark and does not bring as high prices as the light and delicate honey made from the first tree flowers above mentioned.

One of the greatest trials of the beekeeper comes in May, June and July, when the bees are liable to "swarm." If left to themselves along in the early summer, the number of bees becoming too great for the hives, a large body of them with the queen will start out in the middle of some bright day to seek a new

home. Before locating permanently they generally cluster on some bush or tree nearby while scouts are sent out in search of a new location. If taken at this time and put into a new hive they at once go to work, and if early in the season, before the supply of honey becomes short, they will make a strong colony. This natural swarming is a very uncertain operation, and necessitates constant watching, as often swarms will come out when no one is near to hive them, and they disappear and are lost. Swarming is delayed and sometimes prevented by putting on extra sections when the bees seem to be idle, but the most certain method is by artificial swarming. This consists in first driving nearly all of the bees into a hive placed upon the one to be divided. Two or three frames containing young brood are placed in the centre of the new hive, which is then placed upon a new stand, two empty frames being put in the old hive. The new colony will soon fill the empty frames and rear a queen from the young brood of the two frames given them and both will become strong colonies.

The details of caring for bees at all seasons can only be learned by closely watching them and studying some of the recent and up-to-date books on the subject like "A. B. C. of Bee Culture," and by visiting some good apiary.

THE GLORY OF THE JUNE-TIME.

From Newman's "The Belle-Islanders." (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.)

SUMMER in Belle Isle was short and sweet, like a walk home with the right girl. It began all of a sudden, about June first, and jumped out of winter like a trout out of a brook, and looked about as pretty and stayed about as long, so that you made the most of it while it lasted.

Dad had a sermon about "The Glory of the June-time," which he delivered about once a year under different titles and with different illustrations, and so on; but it was always the same sermon, and the people always liked it first-rate, and said: "That was the kind of thing we wanted;" and maybe it was; because, as mother said, there was nothing in it that any one could object to.

Dad would crack Nature 'way up in that sermon, and show what a lot of nice things there were in her for us to imitate. All the same, I couldn't help but reflect on all the thunder and lightning and connoption fits that we had to put up with from old Nature, when she got on a tear and carried on like all-possessed, till it *did* seem as if there wasn't so very much difference between her and us; and maybe that was just what ailed us?

Of course the June-time was all right; but didn't the Belle Islanders have their June-times too, when they acted so nice that you would think their wings were sprouting this time, sure? And the next you knew, it would be thunder and lightning and business and politics and rum and revivals, and so on!

But of course it would never do to preach that way to the Belle Islanders, because if you

did, they would think they could turn themselves loose all the time.

And anyhow, that sermon always sent people home feeling first-rate, so that maybe they ate their dinners without grumbling; and that is about all you can expect from one sermon, and you are lucky if you achieve that much. You can work anywhere from a month to six weeks getting up a sermon on brotherly love, and on the way home from hearing it, half the congregation will need a policeman to keep them from pulling hair. I have been in the ministry ever since I was born, and you can bet your bottom dollar that the above is the truth.

Such being the case, I decided that it was no use wasting your sweet young life on reform, when the fish were beginning to bite.

"It's no use, Bill," says I. "Here we've been giving ourselves freely for human welfare, by showing up the cussedness of this town, and what is the result? Are they grateful to us?" says I. "And are business and politics and rum, and so on, any less popular than ever?"

"Well, I should say not!" says Bill.

"Well, then, what's the use?" says I. "I'm going to quit writing for the *Star* and let everything go to thunder."

THE JOY OF FIGHTING.

From Brebner's "*Vayenne*" (John McBride Co.)

No shots were fired; in such a *mêlée* that would have been dangerous among men who had no desire to harm one another, and never a blow was struck until he who was struck at was ready to parry it. Lemasle cursed underneath his breath, and Herrick waited, his naked sword in his hand.

"It is the Duke's life you defend," whispered a voice behind him.

"I know, mademoiselle," he answered, without turning his head.

"Ready!" shouted Lemasle.

The troopers were beaten down, some sorely hurt to all seeming, while others fled into the woods. The robbers sprang forward toward the Duke and his companions, yet still they did not fire.

"Back, Christine—behind us!" the Duke cried. "We three may yet teach these scoundrels a lesson." And he struck the first earnest blow that had been dealt that day, and the foremost man who rushed upon them fell with scarce a groan.

"How long have you turned a thief on the highway?" shouted Lemasle as a horseman came at him. "You looked more honest when I last saw you in your soldiers' dress in the Castle of Vayenne than in this disguise, and, faith! I didn't love you even then."

The joy of fighting was upon Gaspard Lemasle, and he laughed as he furiously struck this man from his saddle.

For one instant Herrick hesitated as the rush came. The first man who jumped at him to drag him from his horse, he struck with his sword hilt, even as though his hand held no sword—struck, as an Englishman will strike, with his fist. For a moment there was

a reluctance to shed blood, but only for a moment. Not far below the surface lies the fighting instinct in every man, the greedy lust for it, once the blood is up. This first adversary fell back stunned, but would rise again; the next fell with his head nearly severed from his body. How long he struck, now to right, now to left, hearing Lemasle's panting laugh as he got breathless with his work, and answering with laughter just as savage, he did not know; but suddenly there was a cry behind him—a cry, a shot, and an oath cut short in its utterance.

Some of their enemies had crept around to take them in the rear. One man had fallen on his knee, taking deliberate aim at the Duke, and even as his finger moved to pull the trigger, Christine saw him, and fired at him. The smoking revolver in her hand told the story.

"A dash for it and we may yet win through," said Lemasle in a hoarse whisper. "It's our one chance," and seizing Christine's bridle he spurred toward the road which lay opposite him.

The Duke and Roger Herrick spurred forward too, but a moment later, and in that moment the robbers managed to cut them off. "The road to the right," Herrick whispered, wheeling his horse round sharply.

The manœuvre was unexpected by the robbers, and Herrick and the Duke found the road clear before them, and dashed along it. Then a shot rang out, and the Duke's sword fell from his hand.

"Are you hit, sir?" Herrick said.

"Yes. It's nothing," but even as he spoke he swayed in his saddle.

Herrick had caught his arm to hold him steady, when there was a second shot and the Duke's horse stumbled.

"Go on, and save yourself," Maurice said faintly.

The sound of galloping horses was now on the road behind them, the Duke's horse stumbled again, nearly to its knees. It was evident that it could go no farther. There was not a moment to lose. Slipping his arm round the wounded man, Herrick drew him from his saddle, and manager to lift him in front of him onto his own.

"We'll cheat them yet!" he cried as, in spite of its double burden, the good horse galloped forward.

A SOCIABLE SEAMSTRESS.

From Beatrice Herford's "*Monologues*." (Scribner.)

WHY, you know Mis' J. S. Tyler, upon the hill—yes, that one. She's got a lot of daughters and they're all at some art or other. And this one—of all things—she's taken up sculpturing! As I told her mother, it ain't no thing for her to do—I presume it takes a master hand to handle one of those marble figures, but she would do it. She's undertaken a great big one—and she's broken right down under it.

For my part I ain't partial to statuary—of course I know it's a beautiful gift—kep' in the garden—that's the place for it. When you

once begin bringing those marble figures into the house, there's no end to it. I think there's nothing pleasanter or more appropriate than to come around a low bush or shrub right into the presence of one of those figures. There's some folks I presume no amount of book study will bring to a realizing sense of those ancient gems, but brought up sudden with 'em that way you never forget it.

I don't go as far as my sister does—she wouldn't have one for anything!

Well, they did have one, now I come to think of it. They didn't mean to, but if I recollect rightly they got it in a lottery at a fair—and when they put in their money they thought they was putting it in, for a pair of those life-size stuffed owls on a frosted ground, but when it come home it was this figure of a—(bites off thread) well, I shouldn't call her a lady myself.

But, as I told my husband, those old goddesses were brought up quite different from what we are—and there's no good making a fuss about it now and I wouldn't be the one to begin.

But sister felt terribly about it and she's very handy with her needle, and you know I am—so I went down there one day and together we rigged her up a real neat kind of a tea-gown. But preserve me from fitting one of those old goddesses again. My goodness—fit! there ain't no fit to it.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE LYRIC SOPRANO.

From Crawford's "The Primadonna." (Macmillan.)

"GIVE me something—a veil, or anything," she said impatiently. "They are waiting for me."

The maid instantly produced from a near drawer a peach-colored veil embroidered with green and gold. It was a rather vivid modern Turkish one given her by Logotheti, and she wrapped it quickly over her disordered hair, like a sort of turban, tucking one end in, and left the room almost without glancing at the glass again. She was discontented with herself now for having dreamt of ever again being anything but what she was—a professional singer.

Soon she saw that all had brought her little presents, which were arranged side by side on the piano, and she suddenly remembered that it was her birthday. They were small things without value, intended to make her laugh. Stromboli had sent to Italy for a Neapolitan clay figure of a shepherd, cleverly modelled and painted, and vaguely resembling himself—he had been a Calabrian goatherd. The contralto, who came from Bologna, the city of sausages, gave Margaret a tiny pig made of silver with holes in his back, in which were stuck a number of quill toothpicks.

"You will think of me when you use them at table," she said, charmingly unconscious of English prejudices.

Schreiermeyer presented her with a bronze statuette of Shylock whetting his knife upon his thigh.

"It will encourage you to sign our next

agreement," he observed with stony calm. "It is the symbol of business. We are all symbolic nowadays."

Fräulein Ottilie Braun had wrought a remarkable little specimen of German sentiment. She had made a little blue pin-cushion and had embroidered some little flowers on it in brown silk. Margaret had no difficulty in looking pleased, but she also looked slightly puzzled.

"They are forget-me-nots," said the Fräulein, "but because my name is Braun I made them brown. You see? So you will remember your little Braun forget-me-not!"

Margaret laughed at the primitively simple little jest, but she was touched too, and somehow she felt that her eyes were not quite dry as she kissed the good little woman again. But Logotheti could not understand at all; and thought it all extremely silly. He did not like Margaret's improvised turban, either, though he recognized the veil as one he had given her.

He also had remembered her birthday and he had a small offering in his pocket, but he could not give it to her before the others. Schreiermeyer would probably insist on looking at it and would guess its value, whereas Logotheti was sure that Margaret would not. He would give it to her when they were alone, and would tell her that it was nothing but a seal for her writing-case, a common green stone of some kind with a little Greek head on it; and she would look at it and think it pretty, and take it, because it did not look very valuable to her unpractised eye. But the "common green stone" was a great emerald, and the "little Greek head" was an intaglio of Anacreon, cut some two thousand and odd hundred years ago by an art that is lost; and the setting had been made and chiselled for Maria de' Medici when she married Henry the Fourth of France. Logotheti liked to give Margaret things vastly more rare than she guessed them to be.

IN THE N. Y. "SUBWAY."

From Stringer's "The Under Groove." (McClure.)

SUDDENLY up and down the middle of my back I once more felt that minute tingling sensation which arises only at the acutest nervous shock. It was a mental start, like the reactional movement of a hand on which a spark of fire had fallen. I felt, for a moment, as though a thousand little icicles had danced along my spinal column.

For the girl who was standing so quietly and impassively beside me was deliberately, guardedly, but unmistakably, feeling my pocket.

My first feeling, when the wonder of the thing had passed, was an incongruous and unholy joy in the irony of the situation. Here was an old and experienced dip and box man, an airy-handed *chevalier d'industrie*, an ex-yegg, being quietly held up by a sugar-and-milk slip of a girl! Here was a pink-and-white china doll giving the dare to an Under Groove adventurer who had once faced

Doogan and all his forces! It was worth losing an eight-dollar watch, just for a chance to see the game.

Have you ever watched a bottle of *Spumante* with the cork drawn? Or a half-emptied seltzer-siphon when the pressure is first removed? Well, that's what I was like at this sudden discovery. The repression of weeks, the burden of being quiescent and slothfully decent, was a thing of the past. The pressure of a too-confining moral atmosphere was lifted. I seemed to bubble and effervesce with a rioting return of spirits. I found myself suddenly exhilarated and challenged by the old and inalienable quest of adventure. It even left me indifferent to the bad air and steel-dust of the Subway. It left me face to face with the old predatory life again. And I stood there almost revelling in it all, inwardly cautioning myself to go slow and be watchful.

I first let my absent and innocent gaze go up to the row of advertising cards above the car windows, where hair-fluids and face-balms and nerve-pills and parasitic knick-knacks and nostrums shouted down their insistence on being acknowledged as essentials of life. Then I glanced, half-diffidently, at the girl herself. She seemed so self-immured, so unconscious of her surroundings, so pensive and timid-looking about the shadowy eyes, that a moment of uncertainty came back to me. Yet even as I doubted I could feel that cautiously exploring hand push deeper in under my coat, as softly as a snake's head under a leaf.

I buried my face behind my paper and peered to the right. The obese German, still wrapped in his market reports, was beyond question. The woman, and the woman alone, stood within reaching distance of me. I looked back at her, guardedly, over the top of my paper. Her left hand, in its long, black kid glove, was lifted high above her head, clinging to the car-strap. I moved my paper inch by inch with the jolting of the car, until I commanded a view of her right arm. I could see it hanging inert and motionless at her side, the full sweep of it, right down to where the gloved fingers were lost in the depth of the huge fur muff it carried.

Then still again that feeling of a thousand dancing icicles crept up and down my backbone. For even while I saw her two hands, the one above clinging to the strap, the other hanging at her side, holding the muff, I felt the cautious movements of the exploring fingers under my coat. Yet those fingers could belong to no one but the woman beside me.

But there, before me, as clear as light, I could see both her own hands. I could also see the cloth of my coat rise and fall with the little movements of some slender and agile wrist. I could feel the padding fingers still delicately groping, advancing, searching. And the truth flashed on me, with a shock that was almost sickening. It was neither illusion nor mistake. But it was an arm, with five flexible and living fingers at its end. Through some monstrous affliction or accident *the woman standing at my side was the possessor of a third hand!*

PAY, PAY, PAY!

From Shoemaker's "Wanderings in Ireland."
(Putnam.)

It's a common saying amongst the officers of the [English] army that nothing is done for *them*. What the government does is all for the rank and file. That the soldiers should receive everything needful is in all ways proper, but are not the men who lead them, the brains of this strength of the nation, entitled to like consideration? They offer their lives upon the slightest cause, and gladly too, yet their government is so far forgetful, not to call it by a harsher term, that it neglects their well-being in this manner. They are willing to put up with *nothing* when it is necessary, and surely are entitled to a *bare something*, and this is nothing more, when it can so easily be done and at such small expense. Cleanliness is certainly more essential to health than many brilliant coats and much silver plate.

There is often scorn expressed for our bathrooms with their modern appliances, but I noticed at P—— that one of the scoffers, who might have his little "tub" (so constantly extolled) in his bedroom, waited and almost missed his dinner that he might use the only bathroom in that vast establishment. I do not desire to accuse the officers of uncleanness—very far from it—but they should be better provided for in this respect.

I am also astounded to note the treatment of the common soldiers—"Tommy Atkins"—by the public. In time of war he is worshipped, but in time of peace is scarce considered to be a man, merely a servant to be pushed and shoved about and treated most discourteously, to say the least.

I understand that the pay per year of the officers in the British army is about as follows:

A Colonel,	£400 Sterling
Lt. Colonel,	300
Major,	240
Captain,	200
Lieutenant,	100

These figures do not seem very large when a man offers his life to his country, but they are in excess of many nations on the Continent, where the officers are forced into beastly poverty by the call for outside gorgeousness! At a late grand review the eye of a beholder was attracted by an officer quite resplendent in a beautiful white uniform, superb high black boots with glittering spurs, a silver breastplate, and glittering helmet, and mounted on a splendid black charger, his appearance was gorgeousness intensified. After the review the observer, passing the tent of this same officer, saw the entire gorgeousness as to uniform hung up to dry and on the wretched camp bed sat the man *with no socks on*—"too poor to buy them," all the pay and far more gone in the useless display—and yet not altogether useless, for without the uniforms these great standing armies would melt away like mist before the sun and many a throne totter to its fall. However, if the splendor must be maintained, and it is cer-

tainly beautiful to look at, then those forced to wear it and bear its expense should be better paid.

A ROBIN'S FIRST BATH.

From Saunders' "My Pets." (American Baptist.)

LAST, and best loved of my robins, because I snatched him from the jaws of death, is Tardy—so named because he was a late autumn baby, being brought to me on the fifth of September. He was plump and well-favored when he came, but I made the same mistake with him that I made with Dixie—I let him bathe too early.

It is a most amusing thing to see a robin with his first bath. He is never surprised at worms. They come as a matter of course. But put a dish of water in his cage. He has never had water before, except from a medicine-dropper. He stares at this little bathtub. What is that glittering in it?

He spring forward to investigate, runs backward in fear of the gleaming, shimmering liquid. What can it be! He plucks up courage, and bravely strikes the edge of the dish. It does not strike back. He becomes bolder, and dabs his beak in the center. What is this flying into his eyes? He chokes, coughs, gets a drop of the liquid down his throat, tastes, swallows, and runs at it again.

"Hooray!" he chirps in robin joy. "It is fine! I'll get into it," and down he goes, and the happy beholder of a robin's first bath has hard work to suppress a peal of laughter.

No boy with his first pants, first pony, or first anything, can excel the joy of a young robin with his first bath—and like a too-indulgent parent, I made the same mistake with Tardy that I did with Dixie, and let him have as many as he liked.

It seemed incredible to me that wild birds could or would bathe too much. Yet they do, and too late I shut Tardy up and took his bath away. The mischief had been done, and I suppose my little bird really had something like pneumonia.

I was quite upset about his illness, and made up my mind that he should not die, if I could make him live. I have nursed many birds and animals, had many a stubborn fight with their king of terrors, but I never had such hard work to keep breath in a little bird's body as I had with Tardy.

He became hollow-chested and emaciated, the feathers came out of his head. He was bald while yet a baby, his long legs made him look as if he were on stilts, he coughed persistently, he became snappish and peevish, and sometimes refused to eat.

Night after night I got up every few hours, and coaxed him to take something, for he was like a weak patient that would die if left too long without nourishment.

"I won't," he would snap angrily, as I offered him a worm at two P.M.

"Oh, please," I would coax him. "Good Tardy!"

"Well, just to oblige you," he would seem to say at last, and the worm would go down.

"Now another, Tardy boy."

"I will not," and this tone was final.

A BOAT BUILT TO SUIT MYSELF.

From Vorse's "The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"WHEN I was young," said the old lady, "yachting wasn't heard of much; we just went sailing."

"This is the first boat I ever had built just to suit myself, and we named it after the old 'Mary Ellen,'" interrupted the old gentleman, "And we're taking our first cruise in her. We started at Staten Island, and we're going round by New London to Peconic Bay."

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "my wife insisted on being towed through Hell Gate! Isn't that just like a woman?"

"Yes, indeed I did," said the old lady.

And as we pulled away we could hear the old gentleman declare: "Why, I could take the 'Massachusetts' through Hell Gate!"

I reflected that here was another of those women who have my way of keeping account of the passing years. For I divide my life into spaces which correspond to the boats we have owned. I have known old people whose lives were cut up into hemispheres, before the Chicago fire and after the Chicago fire. People with only one division, like this, are very simple-minded and easily satisfied. All of which show that we are not far removed from the notched-stick age. Some women take account of time by the houses they have lived in; others count by some desolation which has occurred. I have my own way of keeping score. It is by boats, as I have said, which shows what a great part boats have played in my life. For we have played the most fascinating of all games, the game of yachting, as seriously as if it were our life-work. We have played it as seriously as children play their games; and before one really gets the full flavor out of any sport, one must make a work of it. Really to play, one must forget that one is playing. And indeed, learning to be a yachtsman's wife was no play to me. It would have gone ill with me had I approached my task with levity, so it happens that the logs of the cruises which we took in our boats become in reality the log of my life.

I hope that I may always keep the log of my life by our boats. I hope that when I am old I may sit in the cockpit of my own boat, and darn my husband's socks while he potters round and polishes already spotless brass; and that I shall see the sun set over some harbor, and with my old eyes watch the little yachts come home, as I have so often watched them when I was young. I would sit there while the little riding-lights came out like erratic stars, and see other cabins light up with a golden glow, as our windows would presently glow; and as we ate our supper, I too would like to squabble with my husband as to whether he could take the boat through Hell Gate or not. And I wondered if, when that plump old lady first sailed on the old "Mary Ellen," she made as many mistakes as I did the first summer I was married and went sailing; for the breaking in of a yachtsman's wife is no easy thing, and in my case it needed an enthusiast like Stanford to bring it about.

GOOD READING FOR SUMMER.

EVERY nature requires different rest, and to many the study of the great questions of finance, the possibilities and probabilities of the great presidential election at our doors, the vast international problems of government is as food and drink to exhausted minds. Nothing throws more light on the present than the past, and nothing makes so much for tolerance and patience as the study of the lives which have been lived among problems as vital and far-reaching as those which confront us now. Biography is the great fountain of learning, and this season there are some biographies specially appealing to Americans to whom true Americanism and true freedom are ideals. Of this order of books are "The Life and Letters of George Bancroft," by Mark Antony De Wolfe Howe, almost covering the American history of the nineteenth century and also giving glimpses of the men moving the world in other countries—Goethe, Humboldt, Lafayette, Bismarck, Thiers, Emperor William I., Byron, Thorwaldsen, etc.; the initial volume of "The Life and Works of James Buchanan," who took the United States through the terrible years preceding the Civil War before they passed into the keeping of President Lincoln, a book most ably edited by George Bassett Moore, of Columbia University; the "Journals and Letters of Samuel Gridley Howe," and other volumes on those who have striven to leave the world better than they found it.

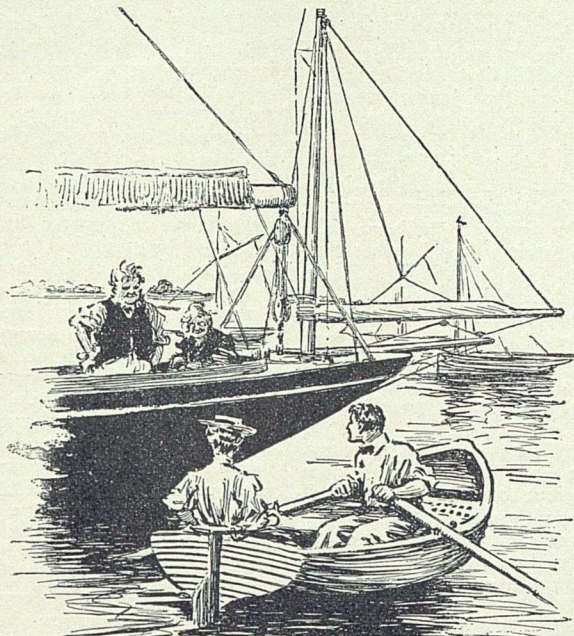
Some there are who still like to steal off into the silent woods and read poetry. For such may be mentioned "The Oxford Book of French Verse," 13th-19th centuries, chosen by St. John Lucas, uniform with the ever-

prized "Oxford Book of English Verse," both volumes dainty and light, printed on India paper; and all the many volumes of old favorites contained in the *Oxford World's Classics*, the Nelson's *New Century Library*, the Dutton *Everyman's Library*, and the *Wisdom of the East* series.

The *Oxford World Classics* will provide the tired reader of the "latest novel" with exquisite editions of "Robert Browning's Poems;" Emerson's "English Traits and Representative Men;" "Gil Blas;" Mrs. Gaskell's "Ruth" and Thoreau's "Walden;" "Henry Esmond;" Poe's "Tales" and "Tennyson's Poems" and of any one or all of the dearly-loved works of Dickens. From Nelson's *New Century Library* may be transferred to one's summer trunk the favorite works of George Eliot, Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, the Brontës and Jane Austen, as well as selected volumes from other standard authors. These must not be left around the piazzas and hammocks, for no one that is human can resist annexing a volume of the *New Century Library* edition.

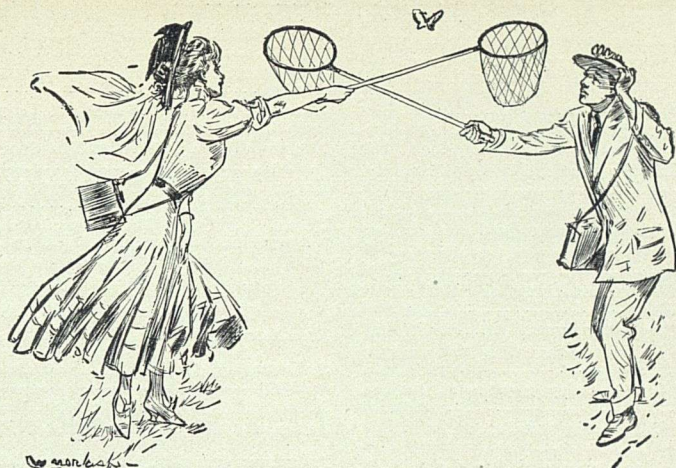
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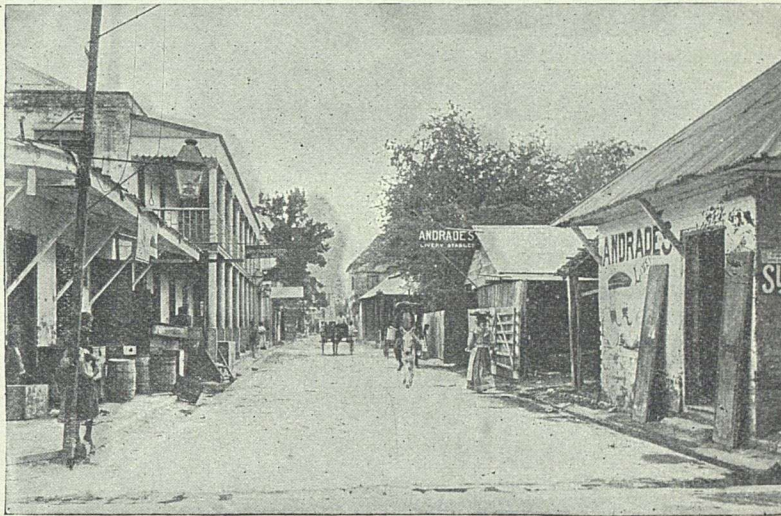
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- HUME (F. W.), The sacred herb, \$1.25.
Dillingham
- The sealed message, \$1.25.....Dillingham
- The red skull, \$1.50.....B. W. Dodge
- HUMPHREY (Zephine), Over against Green Peak, *net*, \$1.25.....Holt
- HUSSEY (Eyre), That little —?, \$1.50.
Longmans, G.
- HUTTEN (Baroness v.), The halo, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.
- ISHAM (F. B.), The lady of the Mount, \$1.50.
Bobbs-M.
- JACOB (Violet), The history of Aythan Waring, *net*, \$1.25.....Dutton
- JAMES (W.), Bachelor Betty, *net*, \$1.25.....Dutton
- JANVIER (T. A.), Sante Fe's partner, \$1.50.....Harper
- JENKINS (Stephen), A princess and another, *net*, \$1.25.....Huebsch
- JENNINGS (E. W.), Under the Pompadour, \$1.50.
Brentano's
- JEPSON (Edgar), Tangled wedlock, \$1.50.....McClure

- JONES (Arthur G.), *Amazing adventures of an inventor*, \$1.50.....Winston
- KEYS (H. A. M.), *The road to Damascus*, \$1.50.....Small, M.
- KELLY (Myra), *Wards of liberty (short stories)*, \$1.50.....McClure
- KENTON (Edna), *Clem*, \$1.50.....Century
- KESTER (Vaughan), *John o' Jamestown*, \$1.50.....McClure
- KING (C.), *To the front*, \$1.25.....Harper
- KINGSLEY (Mrs. F. M.), *The princess and the ploughman*, \$1.25.....Harper
- *Those queer Browns*, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.
- KINKAID (Mrs. Mary), *The man of yesterday*, \$1.50.....Stokes
- KINKAD (E. T.), *The courage of Blackburn Blair*, \$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
- KIRKLAND (Winifred), *Polly Pat's parish*, 3d ed., \$1.50.....Revell
- KRAMER (H. M.), *The Castle of Dawn*, \$1.50.....Lothrop, L.
- *Gayle Langford*, \$1.50.....Lothrop, L.
- LANCASTER (G. B.), *The tracks we tread*, \$1.50.....Doubleday, P.
- LAST (The) *Egyptian: a romance of the Nile*, \$1.50.....Stern & Co.
- LEA (Homer), *The vermilion pencil: a romance of China*, \$1.50.....McClure
- LE GALLIENNE (R.), *Little dinners with the Sphinx (short sketches)*, \$1.25.....Moffat, Y.
- LILIBRIDGE (W. O.), *The dissolving circle*, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.
- LINDSAY (C. H. A. F.), *John Smith, gentleman adventurer*, \$1.50.....Lippincott
- LITCHFIELD (Grace D.), *The supreme gift*, \$1.50.....Little, B.
- LOCKE (Ja.), *The stem of the crimson dahlia*, \$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
- LONDON (Jack), *The Iron Heel*, \$1.50.....Macmillan
- LOOMIS (C. B.), *Araminta and the automobile (stories)*, 50 c.....Crowell
- LORIMER (G. H.), *Jack Spurlock—prodigal*, \$1.50.....Doubleday, P.
- LUTHER (M. L.), *The crucible*, \$1.50.....Macmillan
- LUTZ (Mrs. G. L. H.), *Marcia Schuyler*, \$1.50.....Lippincott
- LYNDE (Francis), *Empire builders*, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
- MCCARTHY (J. H.), *Scraphica*, \$1.50.....Harper
- MCCUTCHEON (G. B.), *The daughter of Anderson*, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.
- *The husbands of Edith*, \$1.25.....Dodd, M.
- MACGRATH (Harold), *The lure of the mask*, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
- MCINTYRE (J. T.), *In the dead of night*, \$1.50.....Lippincott
- McKEAN (T.), *The master influence*, \$1.50.....Lippincott
- McLAWS (E. L.), *The welding*, \$1.50.....Little, B.
- MANTLE (Beatrice), *Gret, the story of a pagan*, \$1.50.....Century
- MARCHMONT (A. W.), *The man who was dead*, \$1.50.....Stokes
- MARSH (R.), *Who killed Lady Poynder?*, \$1.50.....Appleton
- MARSHALL (A.), *Exton Manor*, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.
- MASON (A. E. W.), *The broken road*, \$1.50.....Scribner
- MEADOWS (A. M.), *A million of money*, \$1.50.....Brentano's
- MERWIN (S.), and WEBSTER (H. K.), *Comrade John*, \$1.50.....Macmillan
- MILLER (Eliz. J.), *The city of delight*, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
- MOFFETT (Cleveland), *A king in rags*, \$1.50.....Appleton
- MONTGOMERY (L. M.), *Anne of Green gables*, \$1.50.....Page
- MONTRESOR (F. F.), *The burning torch*, \$1.50.....Dutton
- MORRIS (Gouverneur), *The footprint, and other stories*, \$1.50.....Scribner
- MULFORD (C. E.), *The orphan*, \$1.50.....Outing Pub.
- MUNRO (Neil), *Bud*, \$1.50.....Harper
- MURRAY (J.), and MILLER (Miles), *The round-up, a romance of Arizona*, \$1.50.....Dillingham
- NEFF (Eliz.), *Altars to mammon*, \$1.50.....Stokes
- NEWMAN (R. B.), *The Belle Islers*, \$1.50.....Lothrop, L.
- NICHOLAS (F. C.), *The power supreme*, \$1.50.....R. E. Lee Co.
- NICHOLSON (Meredith), *Rosalind at Red Gate*, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
- NICOLLS (W. J.), *Brunhilda of Orr's Island*, \$1.50.....Jacobs
- NORTON (Roy), *The vanishing fleets*, \$1.50.....Appleton
- OLDMEADOW (Ernest), *Virginie*, \$1.50.....McClure
- OPPENHEIM (E. P.), *The avenger*, \$1.50.....Little, B.
- *The great secret*, \$1.50.....Little, B.
- *A lost leader*, \$1.50.....Little, B.
- ORCZY (Baroness), *Beau Brocade*, \$1.50.....Lippincott
- *The gates of Kamt*, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.
- *In May's reign, 75 c.*.....Cupples & L.
- OSBORNE (S. D.), *The angels of Messer Ercole*, \$1.25.....Stokes
- OSBOURNE (L.), *The adventurer*, \$1.50.....Appleton
- OXENHAM (J.), *A man of Sark*, \$1.50.....Baker & T.
- PAGE (T. Nelson), *Under the crust (stories)*, \$1.50.....Scribner
- PAINE (A. B.), *From van dweller to commuter*, \$1.50.....Harper
- PARKER (Sir Gilbert), *The weavers*, \$1.50.....Harper
- PARRISH (Randall), *Beth Norvell*, \$1.50.....McClure
- *Prisoners of chance*, \$1.50.....McClure
- PASTERMASTER (G. S.), *The master criminal, 75 c.*.....Cupples & L.
- PEPLE (E. H.), *Semiramis*, \$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
- PERKINS (Mrs. Lucy F.), *A book of joys: the story of a New England summer, net*, \$1.75.....McClure
- PHILLIPS (D. G.), *Light-fingered gentry*, \$1.50.....Appleton
- *Old wives for new*, \$1.50.....Appleton
- PHILLIPOTS (Eden), *The folk afield (short stories)*, \$1.50.....Putnam
- *The mother of the man*, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.
- PICKERING (Edgar), *The cruise of the "Angel"*, \$1.25.....Warne
- PINKHAM (E. G.), *Fate's a fiddler*, \$1.50.....Small, M.
- POST (E.), *Woven in the tapestry, net*, \$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
- POTTER (Margaret H.), *The golden ladder*, \$1.50.....Harper
- POTTLE (Emery), *Handicapped*, \$1.50.....Lane
- PRIOR (Ja.), *A walking gentleman*, \$1.50.....Dutton
- PRYCE (R.), *The successor*, \$1.50.....Duffield
- QUICK (J. H.), *The broken lance*, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
- RANDALL (F. J.), *Love and the ironmonger*, \$1.50.....Lane
- RANDOLPH (Althea), *Jeannie's journal, a boarding school romance*, \$1.50.....Bonnell, S.
- RATH (E. J.), *The sixth speed*, \$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
- RAY (Anna C.), *Quickened*, \$1.50.....Little, B.
- RHODES (H. G.), *The flight to Eden: a Florida romance*, \$1.50.....Holt
- RICHARDSON (Frank), *2835 Mayfair*, \$1.50.....Brentano's
- RIDEOUT (H. M.), *Admiral's light*, \$1.50.....Houghton, M.
- RIVES (Amelia), *The golden rose*, \$1.25.....Harper
- RIVES (H. E.), *Satan Sanderson*, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
- ROBINS (Eliz.), *["C. E. Raimond"]*, *Come and find me*, \$1.50.....Century
- *The convert*, \$1.50.....Macmillan
- *Under the southern cross, net*, \$1.50.....Stokes
- ROCKWOOD (Roy), *Adrift on the Pacific*, Grosset & D.
- ROSENKRANTZ (P. A.), *The magistrate's own case*, \$1.50.....McClure
- *The man in the basement, 75 c.*.....Cupples & L.
- SAGE (W.), *By right divine*, \$1.50.....Little, B.
- SALISBURY (W.), *The career of a journalist, net*, \$1.50.....Dodge
- SAVALLO (Teresa de), *The house of the lost court*, \$1.50.....McClure
- SCHWARTZ (J. M. Poorten), *The new religion*, \$1.50.....Appleton
- SCOTT (J. R.), *The Princess Dehra*, \$1.50.....Lippincott
- SCOTT (Leroy), *To him that hath*, \$1.50.....Doubleday, P.
- SHAPES that haunt the dusk (Harper's novelettes), \$1.50.....Harper

- SHARP (Evelyn), Nicolette, \$1.50.....Brentano's
 SHELDON (Mrs. Georgie), Gertrude Elliott's crucible, \$1.50.....Dillingham
 SHERWOOD (M. P.), The Princess Pourquoi, \$1.50.....Houghton, M.
 SHOLL (Anna McC.), The greater love, \$1.50.....Outing Pub.
 SINCLAIR (May), The helpmate, \$1.50.....Holt
 — The judgment of Eve, \$1.25.....Harper
 SINCLAIR (Upton), The metropolis, \$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
 — The overman, \$1.50.....Doubleday, P.
 SLOSSON (A. T.), A dissatisfied soul, a White Mountain story, net, 75 c.....Bonnell, S.
 SMEDLEY (Constance), The daughter, \$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
 SMITH (F. H.), The romance of an old-fashioned gentleman, \$1.50.....Scribner
 SNAITH (J. C.), William Jordan, Junior, \$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
 SEDGWICK (A. D.), A fountain sealed, \$1.50.....Century
 STACKPOOLE (H. De Vere), The blue lagoon, \$1.50.....Lippincott
 STEINER (Rev. E. A.), The mediator, \$1.50.....Revell
 STEPHENS (R. N.), and WESTLEY (G. H.), Clementina's highwayman, \$1.50.....Page
 STEVENS (I. N.), The liberators, a story of future American politics, \$1.50.....Dodge
 STEVENSON (Burton L.), That affair at Elizabeth, \$1.50.....Holt
 STEWART, Silence, a compound problem novel, \$1.50.....Connoisseur's Press
 SIPATEMEYER (E.), Dave Porter in the Far North, \$1.25.....Lothrop, L.
 STRECKFUSS (Adolf), The lonely house, tr. by Mrs. A. L. Wister, \$1.50.....Lippincott
 STREET (Julian), My enemy the motor, \$1.50.....Lane
 STRINGER (A. J. A.), The under groove, \$1.50.....McClure
 STUART (Eleanor), The postscript, \$1.25.....McClure
 TARKINGTON (N. B.), His own people, net, 90 c.....Doubleday, P.
 TAYLOR (Job), Broken links, \$1.50.....C. M. Clark
 TAYLOR (Mary I.), The reaping, \$1.50.....Little, B.
 TERHUNE (A. P.), The new mayor, 50 c.; 25 c.....Ogilvie
 THANET (Octave), *pseud.*, The lion's share, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
 TIERNAN (Mrs. Frances C. Fisher), ["Christian Reid"], Princess Nadine, net, \$1.50.....Putnam
 TOMPKINS (J. W.), Dr. Ellen, \$1.50.....Baker & T.
 TRACY (L.), Minkie, \$1.50.....Clode
 — The red year, \$1.50.....Clode
 TRAVIS (Elma A.), The cobbler, \$1.50.....Outing Pub.
 TREVENA (J.), Furze the cruel, \$1.50.....Moffat, Y.
 TYBOUT (E. M.), The smuggler, \$1.50.....Lippincott
 VACHELL (H. A.), Her son, \$1.50.....Dodd, M.
 VANCE (L. Jos.), The black bag, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
 VAN NORDEN (C.), D.D., Yoland of Idle Isle, \$1.50.....Van Vorst (Marie), The sentimental adventures of Jimmy Bulstrode, \$1.50.....Scribner
 WHILE (Fred M.), The five knots, \$1.50.....Little, B.
 VIEBIG (Clara), Absolution, \$1.50.....Lane
 VIERECK (G. S.), The house of the vampire, \$1.25.....Moffat, Y.
 VORSE (M. H.), Breaking in of a yachtsman's wife, \$1.50.....Houghton, M.
 WALFORD (Mrs. L. B.), The enlightenment of Olivia, \$1.50.....Longmans, G.
 WALK (C. E.), The silver blade, \$1.50.....McClurg
 WALTER (Eugene), The great issue; or, the undertow, \$1.50.....Docher
 WARD (Mrs. E. S. Phelps), Walled in, \$1.50.....Bobbs-M.
 WARDLE (Jane), The artistic temperament, \$1.50.....McClure
 WARNER (Anne), Seeing England with Uncle John, \$1.50.....Century
 — Susan Clegg and a man in the house, \$1.50.....Little, B.
 WASSON (G. Savary), Home from sea (short stories), \$1.50.....Houghton, M.
 WATTS (Mary S.), The tenants, \$1.50.....McClure
 WAYNE (G. S.), The marriage of Mrs. Merlin, \$1.25.....Dillingham
 WESTRUP (Margaret), The greater mischief, \$1.50.....Harper
 WEYMAN (S. J.), Laid up in lavender (short stories), \$1.50.....Longmans, G.
 WHARTON (Mrs. Edith), The fruit of the tree, \$1.50.....Scribner
 WHITAKER (Herman), The settler, \$1.50.....Harper
 WRITE (F. M.), The midnight guest, \$1.50.....McBride
 — The yellow face, net, \$1.....Fenno
 WHITE (S. E.), Arizona nights (Western tales), \$1.50.....McClure
 WHITELOCK (W. W.), When kings go forth to battle, \$1.50.....Lippincott
 WIGGIN (Kate D.), The old Peabody pew, \$1.50.....Houghton, M.
 WILLCOCKS (M. P.), A man of genius, \$1.50.....Lane
 — The wingless victory, \$1.50.....Lane
 WILLIAMS (Jesse L.), The girl and the game, and other college stories, \$1.50.....Scribner
 — My lost duchess, \$1.50.....Century
 WILLIAMSON (C. N. and A. M. L.), The car of destiny, \$1.50.....McClure
 — The chaperon, \$1.50.....McClure
 — The powers and Maxine, 75 c.....Empire Bk.
 WILSON (Mrs. A. J. E.), Devota, \$1.50.....Dillingham.
 WILSON (Harry L.), Ewing's lady, \$1.50.....Appleton
 WINFIELD (A. M.), The Putnam Hall champions. Grosset & D.
 — The Rover boys on the farm, 60 c.....Grosset & D.
 WINSLOW (H. M.), Spinster Farm, \$1.50.....Page
 WOODROW (Mrs. Wilson), The new missionary, \$1.50.....McClure
 WYLLARDE (Dolf), Mafoota, a romance of Jamaica, \$1.50.....Lane
 ZOGBAUM (R. F.), The junior officer of the watch, \$1.50.....Appleton

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DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

- ALEXANDER (Lieut. Boyd), From the Niger to the Nile, 2 v., net, \$10.....Longmans, G.
 BAILLIE-GROHMAN (W. A.), The land in the mountains (Tyrol), net, \$3.....Lippincott
 BATES (K. L.), From Gretna Green to Land's End: a literary journey in England, net, \$2.....Crowell
 BRADLEY (A. G.), Round about Wiltshire, net, \$2.....McClure
 BIGELOW (J.), The Panama Canal, net, 50 c.....Baker & T.
 COOK (F. A.), To the top of the continent, net, \$2.50.....Doubleday, P.
 CRUTCHSHANK (J. W. and A. M.), The Umbrian cities of Italy, 2 v., \$3.....Page
 DARYLL (A. B.), In rustic England, net, \$2.50.....Jacobs
 DAVID (R. Harding), The Congo and coasts of Africa, net, \$1.50.....Scribner
 DEUGLAS (Hugh A.), Venice on foot, net, \$1.50.....Scribner
 DURLAND (Kellogg), The red reign, net, \$2.....Century
 ELLIS (H. H.), The soul of Spain, net, \$2.....Houghton, M.
 FRASER (J. F.), Pictures from the Balkans, net, \$1.75.....Lane
 — Red Russia, net, \$1.75.....Lane
 GRANT (Rev. E.), The peasantry of Palestine, net, \$1.50.....Pilgrim
 GRIMSHAW (Beatrice), Fiji and its possibilities, net, \$2.....Doubleday, P.
 GUERBER (H. A.), How to prepare for Europe, net, \$2; net, \$2.50.....Dodd, M.
 HIGINBOTHAM (J. U.), Three weeks in Holland and Belgium, \$1.50.....Reilly & B.
 HUME (M. A. S.), Through Portugal, net, \$2.....McClure
 HUTTON (E.), Florence and the cities of northern Tuscany, with Genoa, net, \$2.....Macmillan
 KIRKLAND (Caroline), Some African highways, \$1.50.....Estes
 LADD (G. Trumbull), In Korea with Marquis Ito, net, \$2.50.....Scribner
 LANDOR (A. H. S.), Across wildest Africa, 2 v., net, \$10.50.....Scribner
 LEES (D. N.), Tuscan feasts and Tuscan friends, net, \$1.75.....Dodd, M.
 MARDEN (P. S.), Greece and the Aegean Islands, net, \$3.....Houghton, M.
 MILLAIS (J. G.), Newfoundland and its untrodden ways, net, \$6.....Longmans, G.

MILTOUN (Francis), The automobilist abroad, *net*, \$3.....Page
 — In the land of mosques and minarets, \$3.....Page
 OBER (F. A.), Guide to the West Indies and Bermudas.....Dodd, M.
 PAGE (T. Nelson), The old Dominion, her making and her manner, *net*, \$1.50.....Scribner
 PENFIELD (E.), Holland sketches, *net*, \$2.50.....Scribner
 RANSOME (A.), Bohemia in London, *net*, \$2.....Dodd, M.
 RICHMOND (Mrs. G. L. S.), With Juliet in England, \$1.50.....Doubleday, P.
 SCHILLINGS (Carl G.), In wildest Africa, *net*, \$5.....Harper
 SCHOENMAKER (M. M.), Wanderings in Ireland, *net*, \$2.50.....Putnam
 SELOUS (F. C.), A hunter's wanderings in Africa, \$2.75.....Macmillan
 SHERRILL (C. H.), Stained glass tours in France, *net*, \$1.50.....Lane
 SIMPSON (H. W. H.), Algiers and beyond, *net*, \$3.50.....Appleton
 SMITH (Arthur H.), China and America to-day, *net*, \$1.25.....Revell
 SULLIVAN (T. R.), Lands of summer (Italy, Sicily and Greece), *net*, \$1.50.....Houghton, M.
 VAUGHAN (H. M.), The Naples Riviera, \$2.....Stokes
 WHITING (Lilian), Italy, the magic land, *net*, \$2.50.....Little, B.

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OUTDOOR SPORTS AND EXERCISES.

BRAID (Ja.), and VARDON (Harry), How to play golf, pap. 10 c.....American Sports
 BUCKELL (G. T. T.), The complete English wing shot, *net*, \$3.50.....McClure
 DICKINSON (F. A.), Big game shooting on the Equator, *net*, \$5.....Lane
 MCSPADEN (J. W.), ed., How to play golf, 50 c.....Crowell
 MYERS (A. W.), The complete lawn tennis player, *net*, \$3.....Jacobs
 SAGER (D. S.), The art of living in good health, *net*, \$1.35.....Stokes
 SMITH (Alex.), Lessons in golf, \$2.....Arthur Pottow
 STREET (Julian), My enemy—the motor, \$1.....Lane

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HOME GAMES.

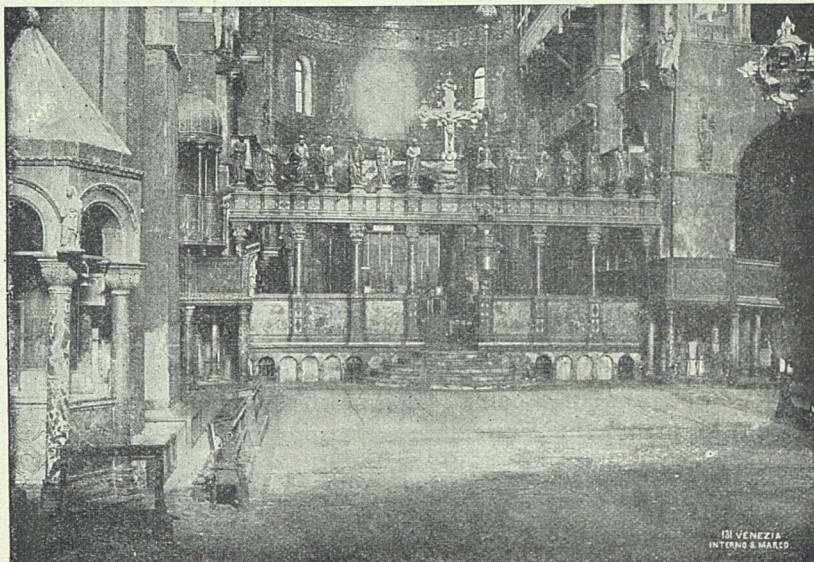
CANFIELD (D. F.), and others, What shall we do now? 500 games and pastimes, \$1.50.....Stokes
 CUT-CAVENDISH, pseud., The bridge-winner, 50 c.; \$1.....Caldwell
 ELWELL (Jos. B.), Practical bridge, *net*, \$1.50.....Scribner
 FOSTER (Rob. F.), Foster's bridge manual, new rev. and enl. ed., \$1.25.....Brentano's
 STREET (C. S.), Good bridge, *net*, \$1.25.....Dodd, M.

WALKER (Belle M.), comp., Handy book of card games 50 c.....Crowell
 WELLS (Carolyn), Rainy day diversions, *net*, \$1.....Moffat, Y.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

BRINTON (Christian), Modern artists, *net*, \$6.....Baker & T.
 CAFFIN (C. A.), A child's guide to pictures, *net*, \$1.25.....Baker & T.
 CALKINS (F. W.), The wooing of Tokala, 2d ed., \$1.50.....Revell
 DUDLEY (A. T.), The Yale cup, \$1.25.....Lothrop, L.
 HOWE (M. A. De Wolfe), Life and letters of George DUTTON's Everyman's library, 50 c.; \$1.....Dutton
 Bancroft, 2 v., *net*, \$4.....Scribner
 EVERY child's library, ed. by Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut: 1, Lives of our Presidents; 2, The story of Jesus; 3, Lives of great Americans, ea., 75 c.....Winston
 FRANKLIN (Fabian), People and problems, *net*, \$1.50.....Holt
 FRENCH novelists of to-day: a guide to present day French fiction, *net*, \$1.50.....Lane
 HAMILTON (Clayton), Materials and methods of fiction, *net*, \$1.50.....Baker & T.
 HAWTHORNE (H.), Women and other women, *net*, \$1.25.....Duffield
 HIND (C. L.), The diary of a looker-on, *net*, \$2.....Lane
 HOVEY (R.), To the end of the trail (poems), *net*, \$1.25.....Duffield
 LITCHFIELD (Grace Denio), Narcissus, and other poems, *net*, \$1.....Putnam
 MASON (D. G.), and SURETTE (T. W.), The appreciation of music, *net*, \$1.50.....Baker & T.
 MORE (Paul E.), Shelburne essays, 5th series, *net*, \$1.25.....Putnam
 MORRIS (H. S.), Lyrics and landscapes (poems), *net*, \$1.....Century
 NELSON's New century library, ea., \$1; \$1.50.....Nelson
 NORTON (Carol), Woman's cause, 75 c.....Estes
 OXFORD book of English verse, A.D. 1200-1900, ed. by A. T. Quiller-Couch, \$1.90; \$2.50; \$3.50.....Oxford
 OXFORD book of French verse, 13th-19th century (in French), ed. by St. John Luce, \$1.90; \$2.60.....Oxford
 OXFORD library of prose and poetry, ea., 90 c.; \$1; \$1.15.....Oxford
 RUSSELL (C. E.), Lawless wealth, \$1.50.....B. W. Dodge
 SALISBURY (W.), The career of a journalist, *net*, \$1.50.....B. W. Dodge
 SCIDMORE (Eliza R.), As the Hague ordains, *net*, \$1.50.....Holt
 SHACKLETON (R. and E.), The quest of the Colonial, *net*, \$2.50.....Century
 SPENDER (J. A.), Comments of Bagshot, *net*, \$1.25.....Holt
 STEINER (E. A.), The mediator, \$1.50.....Revell
 WORCESTER (L.), McCOMB (S.), and CORIAT (Isador H.), Religion and medicine, *net*, \$1.25.....Moffat, Y.
 WORLD'S classics, 153 v., ea., 40 c.; 75 c.....Oxford



From "How to Prepare for Europe"

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INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

PRIZE WINNERS

IN

Window Display Competition of American Standard Bibles

A letter was sent to the trade by THOMAS NELSON & SONS on January 25th inviting them to enter this competition.

A large and gratifying response was received indicating the great interest and high regard which the American bookseller has for the American Standard Bible.

The terms of the competition were that the displays should be made between March 15th and April 15th, and were to consist of American Standard Bibles with suitable show cards and signs.

The judging of the displays to be made from photographs which were to be sent in not later than one week after Easter.

Ten prizes were offered for the best displays, and these were awarded as noted below :

1st prize, \$50.00, awarded to
Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., Rochester, N. Y.
(See reproduction on opposite page.)

2d prize, \$25.00, awarded to
Cunningham, Curtis & Welch Co., Los
Angeles, Cal.

3d prize, \$15.00, awarded to
United Presbyterian Board of Publication,
Pittsburg, Pa.

4th prize, \$5.00, awarded to
Publishing House of the United Evangelical
Church, Harrisburg, Pa.

5th prize, \$5.00, awarded to
Stone & Barringer Co., Charlotte, N. C.

6th prize, \$5.00, awarded to
Mauro & Wilson, Burlington, Iowa.

7th prize, \$5.00, awarded to
Keene's Stationery Co., North Yakima,
Wash.

8th prize, \$5.00, awarded to
Swan Printing & Stationery Co., Hunting-
ton, W. Va.

9th prize, \$5.00, awarded to
The Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky.

10th prize, \$5.00, awarded to
The Hannah & Lay Mercantile Co., Traverse
City, Mich.

The above awards were made by a committee of three judges, from the view-point of the Window Dresser, Bookseller and Advertising Expert. These judges were :

Mr. F. D. BURROUGH, of Lord & Taylor, New York.

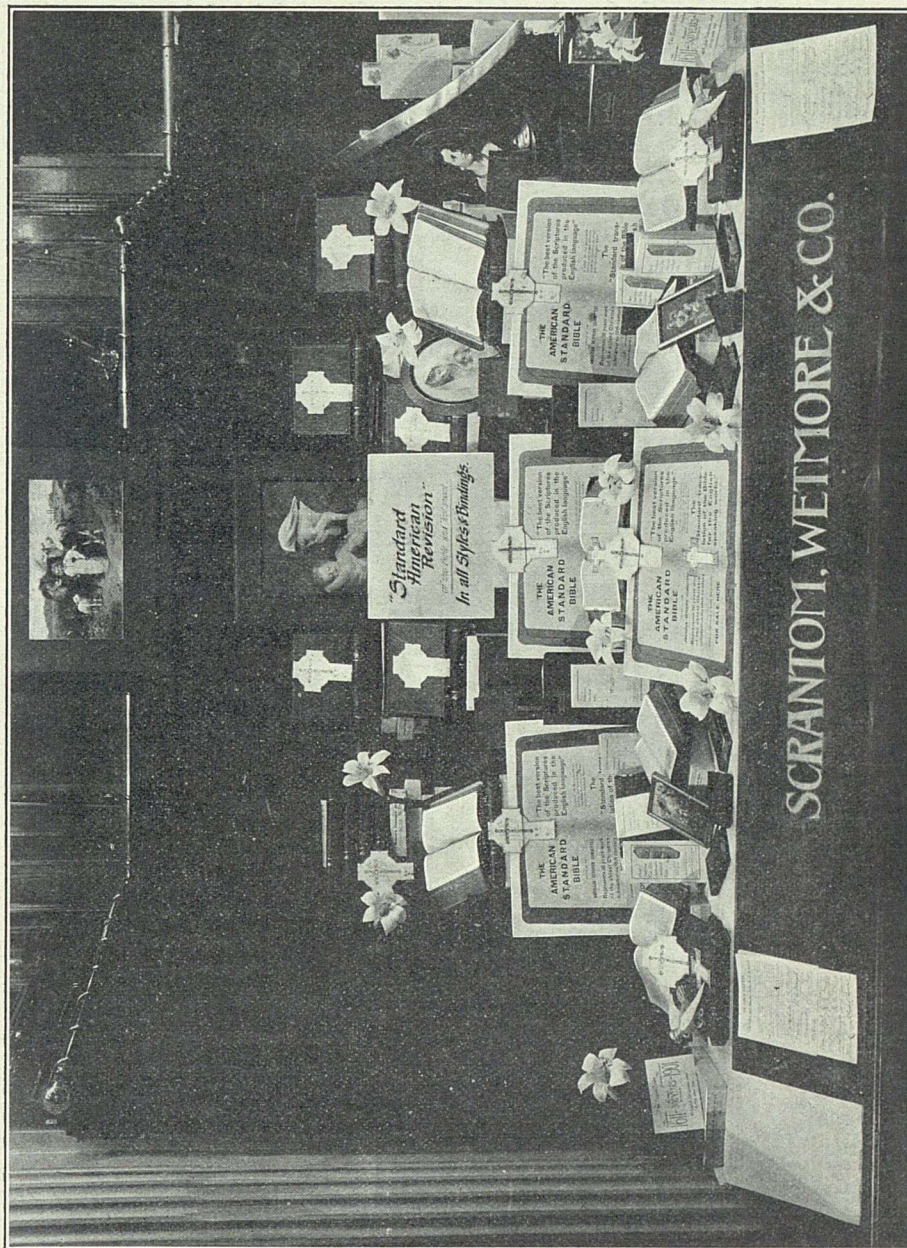
Mr. CHARLES E. BUTLER, of Brentano's, New York.

Mr. S. H. BUSSER, of George Batten Advertising Co., New York.

NOTE.—The publishers have a booklet giving the story of The American Standard Bible which they will gladly send on request.

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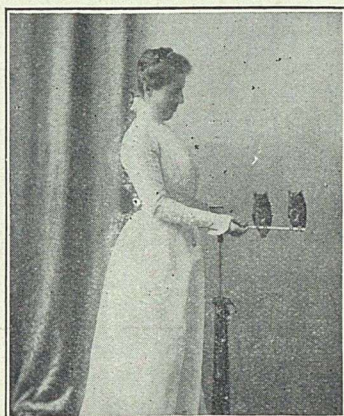
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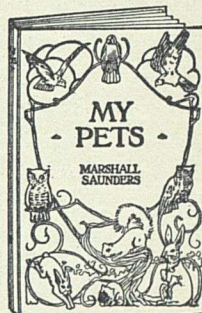
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 Tanis, pt. 1, 10 plates.
 Tanis, pt. 11, Nebesheh and Dehennch (Tahpauhes, 64 plates).
 A Season in Egypt (1887), 32 plates.
 Kahun, Gurot and Hawara, 28 plates.
 Medum, 36 plates, many colored.

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Emporium.—Continued.

Notes for the Nile. Pub. by Putnam.
Univ. of California, "Blue and Gold" for 1902.
Life of Bernard Gilpin, 1 vol.
Remarks on Forest Scenery, by William Gilpin.

Geo. Engelke, 280 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
History of Clinton Co., Ohio.
Calumet K.

C. P. Farrell, 117 E. 21st St., N. Y.
Hubbard's Little Journeys for Jan., June, 1900; Jan., March, '01.

H. W. Fisher & Co., 127 S. 15th St., Phila., Pa.
Fishing on Grand Cascadepia, by Davis. Scribner.

P. K. Foley, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. [Cash.]

Croaker and Co., Poems, N. Y., 1819.
Dana, The Seaman's Friend. 1841.
Fay, T. S., Views in N. Y. City. 1832.
France, A., Sylvestre Bonnard. N. Y., 1890.
Gautier, One of Cleopatra's Nights. 1882.
American Annuals previous to 1840.
American periodicals previous to 1850.
American fiction copyrighted before 1820.
American poetry copyrighted before 1820.
Punchinello, Lady Bertha's Honey Broth, etc.
About 1850.

Child, Lydia M., Rainbows for Children.
Crosby, Early Coins of America.
Over Songs. Cambridge, 1864.
Harte, Luck of Roaring Camp. Bost., 1870.
Harte, M'liss. N. Y., 1873.
Harte, Gabriel Conroy. 1876.
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Harte, Drift From Two Shores. Bost., 1878.
Harte, Story of a Mine. Bost., 1878.
Harte, On the Frontier. Bost., 1884.
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Cooper, J. F., 1st eds. in good state.
Cozzens' Wine Press. 1855-'61.
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Stewart, Voyage to the Pacific. N. Y., 1828.
Farmers' and Mechanics' Journal., Gardiner, Me., 1828.

W. X. Foote Co., University Block, Syracuse, N. Y.
Our Church, by Rev. T. J. Hurlbut.

Francis & Cole Co., 18 E. 23d St., N. Y.
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Abbott, C. C., Wasteland Wanderings.

Free Library Commission, Madison, Wis.
Greenwood, Life of Edward Edwards. Scott, Greenwood & Co., 1902.
Love, Wisconsin in the War of the Rebellion.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., 23d St. and 4th Ave., N. Y.
Illustrations and Meditations, by Spurgeon.
Popular Cook-Book, by Mrs. Haskell.
Arcana of Spiritualism, by Hudson Tuttle, 1st ed.

Phillip H. Furman Co., 363 W. 51st St., N. Y.
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Valentine's Manual, 1842.
Children's Hour, 10 vols.
Early Long Island.

J. Gamber, 7 Rue Danton, Paris, France.
Screll, Railroad Situation in U. S.
Shaw, Christianity and Mod. Culture. 1907.
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Mackensie, Social Philosophy. 1895.
Muirhead, Private Law of Rome. 1899.
Moore, Digest of Internat. Law, 8 vols.
History of Banking, 4 vols. N. Y., 1896.

T. S. Gray Co., 104 Wisconsin St., Milwaukee, Wis.
The Lyon Campaign in Missouri, a History First Iowa Infantry, E. F. Ware.

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Report of the 12th Meeting of the Georgia Bar Association.

Harvard Co-operative Society, Cambridge, Mass.

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L. B. Herr, 112 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.
Unspoken Sermons, by McDonald. Pub. by Routledge.

Walter M. Hill, 831 Marshall Field Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Browning's, R., Christmas Eve, 1st ed.
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Library want lists solicited of Virginia and North Carolina Colonial and State Session Laws, Convention Journals, etc.

Houghton Mifflin Company, 4 Park St., Boston, Mass.

A New Year's Masque, by Edith Thomas.

The Hub Magazine Co., 110 Tremont St., Boston.

Engineering Magazine, Aug., 1891; Aug., '92.
International Quarterly, vol. 8, no. 1; vol. 11, no. 2.
New England, Dec., 1896.

Hunter & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Ossian's Complete Poetical Works, sheep binding, 2-vol. ed., or any good type but complete ed.

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Western Sketches and Adventures, Pritz. 1839.
Bound vols. of Good Housekeeping, when pub. by Clark W. Bryan & Co.

Illinois Book Exchange, 407 Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill.

Reminiscences of A. Lincoln, by A. T. Rice.
Laws of Tennessee, 1803, '04, '07, '09.
Jefferson's Writings, 9 vols., by H. A. Washington, cl.
John C. Calhoun's Works, 6 vols., cl.

U. P. James, 127 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

McKenzie's Royal Masonic Encyclopædia. 1881.

Jennings & Graham, 57 Washington St., Chicago.

The Life of Eliza Young, the 19th Wife of Brigham Young.

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Son, Gilhooly.
Birds of America, Ridgway, Government publication.
Atlas of Hampden County, Massachusetts.

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Amusement of London, 2 vols., Bolton.
John Galt's Novels, 8 vols.
Episodes in a Life of Adventure, by Laurence Oli-
phant.
Gems and Precious Stones of No. America, Kunz.
Fairy Egg and What It Held. Fields, Osgood, 1870.
Life of Guido Reni, Great Artist Series. Scribner.
J. B. O'Reilly, In Bohemia.

Lemcke & Buechner, 11 E. 17th St., N. Y.

Oslor, Lectures on Diagn. of Abdominal Tumors.

Edward E. Levi, 820 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Carter, Mrs. M. N., North Carolina Sketches, 6
copies.

Library of the Univ. of N. C., Chapel Hill, N. C.

Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club, vols. 1-12.

Journal of Physical Chemistry, vol. 1, no. 4.

Little, Brown & Co., 254 Washington St., Boston

Bennett, Lis Pendens.

Jones, Liens, 2d ed., 2 vols. 1894.

The Edinburgh Review, earliest nos.

Malet Adams, Gateless Barrier.

Synchronological Historical Chart.

J. S. Lockwood, Library Bureau, 530 Atlantic

Ave., Boston, Mass.

Banvard, Soldiers and Patriots.

Stoddard, The Captain's Boat.

Holden, Primer of Heraldry.

Cannuck, Pen Pictures of Pioneer Life in Upper

Canada.

Earle, The Wonderful Wheel.

Cambridge, The Three Miss Kings.

W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, D. C.

Davis, Gilbert Elgar's Son.

The Ladies' Friend, old magazine, any vols.

Sparks' American Biography, 1st Series, vol. 3.

Paleontology of New York, vol. 8, pt. 2.

The Valley of the Mississippi, illustrated in views

drawn by J. C. Wild, ed. by L. F. Thomas. St.

Louis, 1841.

Cervus, Cut, a Story of West Point.

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Hildreth, Pioneer History of Ohio Valley.

Land We Love, vol. 1, nos. 4-5.

Morgan Raid Commission (Ohio) Report.

Lewman & Hanford S. and P. Co., 616 1st Ave.,

Seattle, Wash.

Ignatius Donnelly, Ragnarok.

Higgins, Mystic Spring.

McDevitt-Wilson, Bargain Bookshop, 1 Barclay

St., N. Y.

Castelar's Old Rome and New Italy, tr. Mrs. Arnold.

Mendelssohn's Letters From Italy and Switzerland,

tr. Lady Wallace.

Trumpeter of Sackingen.

McGirr & Co., 1004 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Tegetmeier, The Poultry Book. London, 1867.

De Grandmaison, Treatise on Military Service, trans.

by Nicola, 2 copies. Phila., 1777.

Thomson Bible; also Synopsis of the 4 Evan.

John Jos. McVey, 1229 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Preble, History of the Flags of the U. S.

Henry Malkan, 5 Beaver St., N. Y.

Wagge's Romance of the South Seas.

Francis' Reminiscences of Old New York.

Henry Malkan, 18 Broadway, N. Y.

Wallace's Year-Book, vols. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Wallace's Trotting Register, vols. 1 and 2.

Supplements to Chester Guide.

Hope's Anastasia.

R. H. Merriam, Fremont, O.

Century Cyclopaedia of Names, cl. or hf. russia.

F. O. Merrill, 17 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.

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Farmers' Almanac for 1795.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Wesley
Buildings, Toronto, Can.

Public Debts, by Adams.

Edward Mills, 607 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

Complete Herbalist, by Brown.

Campbell and Rice Debates.

Mo. Geo. Survey, vols. 8, 9, 11.

Century War Books, 4 vols.

H. A. Moos, 334 E. Houston St., San Antonio, Tex.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy's Epic of Women, and Other

Poems, 1st ed. London, 1870.

Music and Moonlight, by Arthur O'Shaughnessy,

1st ed. 1874.

The New Sensation, a periodical published about

1877-'78, each containing one or more colored il-

lustrations. Want any nos.

N. F. Morrison, 314 W. Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J.

Digested Summary and Alphabetical List of Private

Claims (Revolution), vol. 1 and Supplement.

Newark Free Public Library, Newark, N. J.

Bartholomew Price's Treatise on Infinitesimal Cal-

culus, vol. 2. Oxford Univ. Pr.

Lodge, Signalling Across Space. Van Nostrand.

Oman, History of England, vol. 1. Putnam.

W. W. Nisbet, 12 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Historians' History of the World.

Fletcher, History of Architecture.

Illinois Monthly Magazine, 1831 and '32.

Hall, Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the

West.

I. C. S. Course of Refrigeration.

Norfolk Public Library, Norfolk, Va.

Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia. Charles-

ton, 1845.

Nunn & Co., 227 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

Lunt, Origin of Late War.

David Nutt, 57 Long Acre, London, W. C., Eng.

Any American works on primary batteries.

Old Corner Book Store, 27 Bromfield St.,

Boston, Mass.

Shall and Will, by Head.

Hid in the Heart, by Mrs. E. H. Riches. Thos.

Whittaker, 1881.

H. A. O'Leary, 1597 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Neill, History of Minnesota. 1858.

Kalikana, Legends and Myths of Hawaii.

Traits of Indian Life, by a Fur Trader.

Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff.

O'Shea's Book Store, 109 E. 59th St., N. Y.

The Philistine, vol. 1, no. 4.

Life and Work of the Earl of Shaftesbury, vol. 2.

E. H. Otting, Warren, O.

Wharton, Diplomatic Cor. Am. Rev.

Benton, Abridg. Debates, vol. 16, hf. cf.

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Presbyterian Board of Pub., 400 Sutter St.,
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Black Beetles in Amber, by Ambrose Bierce.

Preston & Rounds Co., 98 Westminster St.,
Providence, R. I.

Bryce, American Commonwealth, 2 vols. New York,
1888.
McDonell, Thomas Hardy.

C. J. Price, 1004 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
French's Hist. Coll. of Louisiana, 1st Series, pt. 3,
containing La Harpe's Journey Up the Red River,
and Charlevoix's Trip Down the Mississippi.
Audubon's Ornithol. Biog., vol. 4, royal 8vo, cl.
Edinburgh.
House and Garden, Nov., 1901.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 W. 23d St., N. Y.
Gallon, Tatterley.
Century Dictionary of Names.
Memoirs Mme. de Remusat.
Pearson, On Creed.
Buffum, Tears of the Heliades.
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Grant's Memoirs, full mor., vol. 2.
Washington Territorial Laws.

Peter Reilly, 133 N. 13th St., Phila., Pa.
Breaths of Sea and Shore. Lee & S., 1883.
Palmer Genealogy.
Science and Health, 2d ed.
Romanes, Mental Evolution of Animals.
Shelley's Works, 5 vols. Lippincott.
Iron Age, Jan. 26, 1905.
Engineering, Aug. 23, 1907.
American Machinist, June 15, 1905; June 14, '06;
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Guy Livingstone.

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Protestant Episcopal Layman's Handbook, by an Ex-
Churchwarden. Pub. by Baker, Taylor Co., New
York, 1891.

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Dumas, Camille, cloth ed.
Ebers' An Egyptian Princess.

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Green's History English People, vol. 1, 8vo, brown
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Otto Schulze & Co., 20 Frederick St., Edinburgh,
Scotland.

Old Songs, illus. by Abbey, 4to. 1889.

Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Aimstrong's Notices of War 1812. N. Y., 1836.
Talmadge's Crumbs Swept Up, 50 c. ed.
New Englander and Yale Review, July, 1887.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
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Brightwell, Above Rubies. Nelson.
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Butterworth, All About North American Indians.
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millan.
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Congress of Arts and Sciences, St. Louis Exposition.
Carnegie Inst. of Arts and Sciences.
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Earth Breath. Mosher.
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Organization Soc.
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 Noel, Essays on Poetry and Poets.
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 Rust, Thermo-Electricity. Spon, 1889.
 Sainte-Beuve, English Portraits. Holt.
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 U. S. General Staff, Epitome of the Russo-Japanese War. Supt. of Documents, 1907.
 Walford, Edith, Story of the Chevalier, 25 Bayard, Bayard Series. Low.
 Walsh, Sketches of Living Characters of France. Philadelphia, 1841.
 Winslow, Helen M., Spinster Farm. Page.
 With Cortez in Mexico. Hurst.
 With Pizarro in Peru. Hurst.
 Works With Boys, Street-Boys' Clubs, vol. 7, no. 3. July, 1907. Alliance of Workers With Boys.
 Young, Every Man His Own Mechanic. Rhode & H. Charles Sessler, 1314 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
 Book of Common Prayer. Pub. by Sheldon Potter, in Philadelphia, about 1820 or '30.
C. S. Shaffet, 218 W. Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.
 As many as possible:
 Lockwood and Emerson's Composition and Rhetoric.
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 Lambert's Review of Ingersoll's Christmas Sermon.
 Fictions of Ancient Irish Celts.
 Canada in 1837-8. Theller, vol. 2 only, in orig. cl. Phila., 1841.
 Depons, Voyage to the Spanish Main, vol. 1 only. N. Y., 1806.
Smith & Butterfield, 310 Main St., Evansville, Ind.
 Mirico, by Frederick Mistral.
Fred Spenceley, 26 Music Hall Bldg., Boston, Mass.
 Merton, Book of Life.
 Besant, Pedigree of Man. (4)
 Elliot, S., Story of Atlantis.
G. E. Stechert & Co., 129 W. 20th St., N. Y.
 Naude, Erecting of a Library. H., M.
 Gragnon, Louis Jolliet. Quebec, 1902.
 Astronomical Journal, vols. 15 to 24.
 Maartens, My Poor Relations. Appleton.
 Seaver, Life of Mary Jemison. Putnam.
 Davidson, C., Early English Miracle Plays.
 Gardner, Institutes of International Law.
 Haight, Bar Examination Review.
 Hall, Adolescence, 2 vols., second-hand.
 Bird Lore, vol. 7, no. 1, or complete vol.
 Gallaudet, Life of T. H. Gallaudet. Holt.

E. Steiger & Co., 25 Park Place, N. Y. [Cash.]
 Poe's Works, with notes by Stedman and Woodberry, 10 vols.

Stix, Baer & Fuller D. G. Co., St. Louis, Mo.
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 The Cachullain Saga, Hull.

20th Century Pub. Co., 2 W. 16th St., N. Y.

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 European Architecture, vol. 1.

Walker & Stonestreet, 29 W. 42d St., N. Y.

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John Wanamaker, New York.

Monthalon's Memoirs of the History of France During the Reign of Napoleon. London, 1823-4.
 Monthalon's Memoirs of History of France, Miscellanies, 3 vols. London, 1823.

John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

Peyton's Memorabilia of Jesus.
 Puritan and Quaker. Pub. in 1879.
 English Country Houses. Pub. by Bates & Guild...
 Commentaries on the Epistles by McKnight.
 Senya Kovalevsky's Recollections of Childhood, trans. by Hapgood. Pub. by Century.

Edgar A. Werner, 35 Chestnut St., Albany, N. Y.

Handbook of Democracy, 1863-'64.
 Giraud, Birds of Long Island.
 Wright, Mass. Insurance Reports, 1859-'65, 1 vol.
 Hughes, American Ancestry, vols. 10, 11, 12.
 Census of Revolutionary Pensioners, 1841.

William Wesley & Son, 28 Essex St., Strand, London, Eng.

Richie, Number Code.
 Bulletin 19, U. S. National Museum (Scudder, Nomenclator Zoologicus).

Western Book Co., 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Mosheim, Historical Commentaries, 3 vols. N. Y., 1854.

Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, N. Y.

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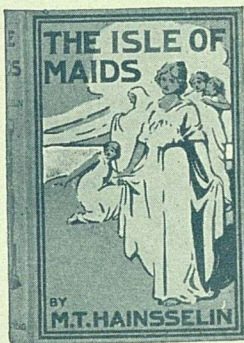
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